

Invaders from Mars

[Part One]

(Street sounds, old car horns.)

MAN ON RADIO: ... We present a talk by Professor John Morritz of the University of Minnesota entitled, The New Deal, Where Next. Later, it's a month now since the celebrated meteor lit up our skies. What was it? Where did it go?

(Sudden crashing of glass. Taking things from a store.)

MOUSE: Would you get moving, you great lunk?

ELLIS: Hey, hey! You can't hurry genius, my friend. Know what The Phantom says? There's a fine art to successful chicanery.

MOUSE: Ah, you don't even know what that means. Besides Ellis, we're breaking into a dime store. This ain't no bank heist. And we shouldn't even be doing *this*.

ELLIS: I've told you, Mousey, it's just insurance.

MOUSE: Jeez, if the boss knew we had some of the merchandise...

ELLIS: Yeah well, he ain't gonna know. Not until it's too late anyways.

(Car horns continue in the background.)

(TARDIS materialisation. Control room hum.)

THE DOCTOR: Well, it's the historical repercussions, you see. The beat of one bat's wing eventually leads to a tropical storm. That sort of thing. Or was it a butterfly?

CHARLEY POLLARD: And that's what happened with ... what's his name...

THE DOCTOR: Canute. He got a bit above himself, declared himself so powerful, he could turn back the tide.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh yes, I remember reading that somewhere. Listen, we are still heading for Singapore, aren't we?

THE DOCTOR: Of course. Now, history records the King getting soggy ankles, but not until I'd intervened. Someone had been meddling.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Who?

THE DOCTOR: One TARDIS, one twenty-fourth century Pulfidian Flood Controller, and an amoral Time Lord later, King Canute really did turn back the tide. And our friend had an unshakeable power base in Anglo Saxon Britain. Mucking about with Time is a risky business. I wouldn't recommend it to anyone.

(Outside.)

ELLIS: What's the time?

MOUSE: Er ... eleven thirty. Ellis?

ELLIS: He should be here.

(Person appearing.)

HALLIDAY: I'm here.

MOUSE: Jeez!

HALLIDAY: You got it?

ELLIS: Yeah. I got it.

HALLIDAY: Let me see.

ELLIS: Uh-uh. There are two sides to every bargain, old pal of mine. Say...

HALLIDAY: I'm only asking to see what I'm paying for.

ELLIS: Why don't you step out here into the light, Mister, and we can have a good look at you.

HALLIDAY: I don't think so.

MOUSE: Ellis, who is this wise guy?

ELLIS: Out here where I can see you. Or nobody gets nothin'.

HALLIDAY: Very well.

(Walking forward.)

ELLIS: Hey!

MOUSE: Oh God...

HALLIDAY: Let's shed a little light on those pretty mugs of yours. Well, well. Mr Mouse and Mr Ellis. Nice to renew our acquaintance.

MOUSE: Halliday, we was just...

ELLIS: Shut up.

MOUSE: I'm just trying to explain to Mr Halliday, Ellis, that...
ELLIS: I said shut up. What the hell are you doin' here, Halliday?
HALLIDAY: Not ... quite what you were expecting, eh Ellis? Hands against the wall.
MOUSE: Oh, do as he says.
HALLIDAY: Ellis?
MOUSE: When are you...?
(Noise of weapon being powered up.)
MOUSE: Oh no, Ellis. Put that thing away.
HALLIDAY: Do I have to get nasty, Mr Ellis? Come out here where I can see you and get your damned hands up against that wall.
MOUSE: Ellis, for Christ sakes!
HALLIDAY: You wanna play hardball, wise guy, huh? This pistol belonged to my Dad. He never missed.
(Gun cocked.)
HALLIDAY: And neither do I.
ELLIS: Yeah? Yeah? And this ain't no Hallowe'en pop gun.
(Electronic laser gun firing sound, sizzling, cry by HALLIDAY.)
MOUSE: Oh, Jesus, Ellis.
(ELLIS laugh.)
ELLIS: Move.
(Running. Car street sounds. TARDIS materialisation sound. Door opening.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Which is where *you* came in.
THE DOCTOR: In the nick of time, or thereabouts.
(Door closed. Walking out.)
THE DOCTOR: Put things back in their proper place. The King had to go through it all again, and this time...
CHARLEY POLLARD: ...The tide came in. (*Laughs.*) What a silly...
THE DOCTOR: Canute? I'll say. Charley!
(Car horn as car zooms past.)
DRIVER: You lousy jaywalking citizen!
CHARLEY POLLARD: Singapore, Nineteen Thirty?
THE DOCTOR: Perhaps, let me see. Thirty Fourth Street and Broadway. Ah.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Not Singapore.
THE DOCTOR: Well, judging by that skyline and that taxi-driver's language...
CHARLEY POLLARD: And that ... dead man.
THE DOCTOR: And that dead man ... Oh. I'd have to say New York City.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Ladies and gentlemen, I have a grave announcement to make. Incredible as it may seem, both the observations of science and the evidence of our eyes lead to the inescapable assumption that those strange beings who landed in the Jersey Farmlands tonight, are the vanguard of an invading army from the planet Mars.

(ORSON WELLES sighs.)

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Huh?

ORSON WELLES: Who wrote this crap? I certainly didn't write this crap.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: You will, Orson, you will.

ORSON WELLES: The vanguard of an invading army - hogwash. We'd be better off pulling the whole thing, Jack.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: What would you prefer, dear boy - Lorna Doone?

ORSON WELLES: Well, why not? I can think of nothing more suitable for Hallowe'en except perhaps for - Little Lord Fauntleroy, now there's a thought.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Really Orson, now is not the time. Let's just get Howard's little play over and done and then we can concentrate on the important stuff.

ORSON WELLES: Danton's death.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: As you say, dear boy.

ORSON WELLES: Mm.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Anyway, I like the news report idea, I think it's rather neat.

ORSON WELLES: That's because you thought of it. Who'll be listening to us in any case? That damn ventriloquist is on.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: I know.

ORSON WELLES: Why do we bother?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Because Campbell's Soup pay us to. Now, you must think of yourself like Mr Bergen's little wooden friend, and get back in your box, Orson. I'm not letting you out of this studio until rehearsals are over.

(Sigh. Clearing of throat.)

ORSON WELLES: This is Orson Welles, ladies and gentlemen, out of character to assure you that The War of the Worlds has no further significance than as the holiday offering it was intended to be. The Mercury Theatre's own radio version of dressing up in a sheet and...

ORSON WELLES: (speaker) ... jumping out of a bush and saying "boo".

(Sighing from BIX BIRO.)

BIX BIRO: God...

(Walking forwards.)

ORSON WELLES: (speaker) Starting now we couldn't soap all your windows and steal all your garden gates...

CARLA: What? Is that you?

BIX BIRO: What are you trying to do?

CARLA: Heavens, I'm sorry, Mr Biro, I saw the light, I figured someone must have forgot to lock the studio up.

BIX BIRO: Yeah - No, no - no, Carla. I'm just fixing some equipment, for Mr Welles.

CARLA: Just like the old times, eh sir?

BIX BIRO: (laugh) Yeah, yeah, yeah.

CARLA: They still in there, sir? Them and the Martians? (laugh.)

BIX BIRO: What? Oh. Oh, yeah.

CARLA: (laugh) I don't know what they make all the fuss about. I mean, I see little green men all the time. All it takes is just a few hours with my old friend Jack Daniels. Not that I would, I wouldn't...

BIX BIRO: That's okay, Carla. I'll see you in the morning.

(Walking off.)

CARLA: Yeah, goodnight, Mr Biro, sorry. Sorry I startled you.

(BIX BIRO starts working on something)

BIX BIRO: Come on, come on!

(Bleeps - electronic.)

(Street scene.)

THE DOCTOR: Anything?

CHARLEY POLLARD: Erm ... a wallet, a gun, some loose change, keys...

THE DOCTOR: Can I see the wallet? Hmm, JC Halliday, some sort of private detective.

(THE DOCTOR gentle laugh.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: What is it?

THE DOCTOR: I believe it's usual in these circumstances to find a clue written on the back of a book of matches.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Mm ... Mm, what, like this book of matches?

THE DOCTOR: Well done. What's in it?

CHARLEY POLLARD: Matches.

THE DOCTOR: Uh, that's the trouble with clichés.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Shall we tell the police or something, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Probably not. I always seem to end up helping them with their enquiries.

Perhaps it'd be better to go by Mr Halliday's office, and...

CHARLEY POLLARD: (alerted) Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Yes?

CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, nothing. I thought I saw someone. Over there by that shop.

THE DOCTOR: Mm, no-one there now. How's your stomach?

CHARLEY POLLARD: Pardon?

THE DOCTOR: Look at his body.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh! Burnt?

THE DOCTOR: Frazzled, more like.

(Music playing.)

DON CHANEY: And then the boss looks at the fat guy and he says, "How'd you get like that, Herman? You used to be such a skinny thing," and the guy says, "Time is cruel, Don."

ELLIS: And what did you say, boss?
DON CHANEY: "Ice cream is crueller."
(Laughter.)
ELLIS: "Ice cream is crueller." Jeez, that was funny, boss. 'Cause, you know, it was the ice cream that must've made him fat, that - that's what the boss was sayin'...
DON CHANEY: Yeah, I think the boys are capable of understanding that, Ellis.
ELLIS: Er - yeah, boss, sure, boss, er ... Hey, do you want some more meatballs?
DON CHANEY: No.
ELLIS: Mind if I, er...?
DON CHANEY: Go ahead.
(Plate movement.)
DON CHANEY: Say, where'd you get to before, Ellis?
ELLIS: Oh ... just some business, boss.
DON CHANEY: Yeah. Ain't someone missin'?
ELLIS: Er ... yeah. Yeah, that little guy...
DON CHANEY: Mouse.
ELLIS: Yeah.
DON CHANEY: When I say I'm taking the boys out for dinner, I expect a full turnout, Ellis. You make sure of that.
(Door swings open. Gasps by diners. Walking over.)
DON CHANEY: Can I help you, gentlemen?
GANGSTER 1: I guess so, Chaney. We've, er ... we've got a surprise for you.
DON CHANEY: A surprise? I like surprises.
GANGSTER 2: Yeah. Yous got a secret benefactor. He says, "Hey guys, give this to The Phantom."
DON CHANEY: What did you call me?
GANGSTER 1: "I says, I don't know who you mean, sir." He says, "Well, go along to Luigi's on Thirty-Fourth and Lexington, and look for the guy with his nose shot off."
DON CHANEY: Why, you...
GANGSTER 2: And then he says...
(Guns cocked.)
GANGSTER 2: "... Shoot off the rest of his face for me, will you?"
(Laughter by GANGSTER 2/GANGSTER 1.)
DON CHANEY: I wouldn't do that if I were you, boys.
GANGSTER 1: Oh no?
(Gun powered up.)
GANGSTER 2: Oh crap.
(Laser gun fired. Cries by GANGSTER 1/GANGSTER 2. Sizzling.)
DON CHANEY: Luigi? Could we have the tab, please?
LUIGI: Si, Signor Chaney.

(Walking in street.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: So, it's not far off my time, Nineteen Thirty-Eight. I could get a boat home.
THE DOCTOR: You know, it's a constant puzzle to me why so many of my travelling companions can't wait to leave me. I show them all the wonders of the Universe, and what thanks do I get. Ah!
CHARLEY POLLARD: Halliday's office.
THE DOCTOR: Mm, at least according to his wallet, yes. Look - JC Halliday, Private Investigator, discretion assured.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What now?
THE DOCTOR: Well, people are rarely killed without a reason, Charley, even in New York. Besides, there's the way he died. Concentrated radiation burst.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Is that what it was?
THE DOCTOR: Indubitably.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Onwards and upwards, then.
THE DOCTOR: Hmm?
CHARLEY POLLARD: After you.
(Brisk walking.)
GLORY BEE: Mr Halliday?

THE DOCTOR: Pardon? Oh, erm - erm, yes, yes, that's me.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor!
GLORY BEE: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Doctor ... er, Jack Halliday, private investigator.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Indiscretion assured.
THE DOCTOR: I never advertise the title. People badger you to look at their tonsils. Can I help?
GLORY BEE: With my tonsils?
THE DOCTOR: No, I imagine you want to hire me.
GLORY BEE: You came recommended. Shall we go up?
THE DOCTOR: Why not?
(Clicking, twice of trying a lock.)
THE DOCTOR: Er - Charley, do you have, er ... my keys?
CHARLEY POLLARD: What? Oh, er, yes.
(Trying a lock to open it.)
THE DOCTOR: My associate Miss Pollard. You are...?
GLORY BEE: My name is Glory Bee. I need your help, Mr Halliday, desperately.
THE DOCTOR: I see. Well, erm, go on up, Miss Bee. It - it's the, er, the second floor.
(Walking back.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, what do you think you're doing?
THE DOCTOR: You know, I'm not at all sure. Let's see what happens, eh?

(A crowded place.)
MRS VAN BUREN: No. As far as I'm concerned it's just a feeble attempt to recapture her youth.
COSMO DEVINE: Really?
MRS VAN BUREN: Yeah.
COSMO DEVINE: I'm always trying to recapture my youth, but he keeps escaping.
MRS VAN BUREN: Oh, Cosmo! (Laughs.) Oh, you are a card.
COSMO DEVINE: Queen of Hearts.
(Tapping of glass.)
MAN: (amplified) Distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen. The founder of our feast.
MRS VAN BUREN: I think you're wanted, Cosmo.
COSMO DEVINE: Uh-huh - in forty-nine states.
MAN: (amplified) Mr Cosmo Devine.
(Applause.)
COSMO DEVINE: Oh well, here goes.
(Applause. Tapping microphone.)
COSMO DEVINE: (amplified) Good evening, friends. And how delightful it is to see you all here. You know, as I was saying to the President the other day.
(Laughter.)
COSMO DEVINE: (amplified) "Why, President," I said. "What do you think of the new outfit?" Oh, I forgot to mention I dropped by the White House in this gorgeous lilac suit I had a little man run up for me. Later on he ran down it again, but ...
(Laughter.)
COSMO DEVINE: (amplified) I said, "Franklin, what do you think?" Well, he looked me up and down kind of sneery, I have to say and murmurs, "You forgot the pearls, Cosmo." I said "Pearls? With lilac? Are you insane?"
(Laughter, applause.)
COSMO DEVINE: (amplified) Well, I hope you've all got your cheque books ready. My theatre project is the most deserving cause I know.
(Some laughter.)
COSMO DEVINE: And I want to hear those cash registers ringing tonight. Oh, and don't forget - we have a special guest arriving later. None other than America's favourite Renaissance man himself, Mr Orson Welles.
(Cheering, applause.)

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Professor Pearson. Could this occurrence possibly have something to do with the disturbances observed on the planet Mars?
ORSON WELLES: Hardly, Mr Philips. This is probably a meteorite of unusual size and it's arrival at this particular time is merely a coincidence. However we shall conduct a search as soon as daylight permits. Blah, blah, blah...

(ORSON WELLES yawns.)

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Shall we call it a day?

ORSON WELLES: Oh yes please, let's call it a day.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: All right everyone, rehearsal over. You all have your call times, I trust?

(Standing to leave. Muttered replies. Keys fumbled, drop.)

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Coulouris, what are you doing with those keys? See you tomorrow.

ORSON WELLES: Watch out for the Martians.

(Laughter from the people leaving.)

ORSON WELLES: I'm sure there was one driving my cab last night. He could have been Czech, though, it's so difficult to tell them apart.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Well, considering what's brewing back home I bet he'd take alien invasion over Mr Hitler any day. Do you want a drink?

ORSON WELLES: Naturally.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Oh - dammit, we're late for Cosmo Devine's little party.

ORSON WELLES: Oh, to hell with that, I've got a table booked at the Excelsior.

(Door opening.)

BIX BIRO: Good evening Mr Houseman, Mr Welles.

ORSON WELLES: Hello, Bix. To what do we owe this honour?

BIX BIRO: Honour?

ORSON WELLES: Well, we don't get the chairman of the network visiting our little studios every day, do we Jack?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Sadly no. Nice to see you, Mr Biro.

BIX BIRO: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Whatever masterpiece has the Mercury Theatre of the Air to give us next?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: War Of The Worlds, sir. A Hallowe'en treat.

ORSON WELLES: Or a Hallowe'en trick - depends on how you look at it.

BIX BIRO: The War Of The Worlds?

ORSON WELLES: You don't know it? It's Wells.

BIX BIRO: (laugh) You wrote it?

ORSON WELLES: Alas I cannot claim the honour, sir. Herbert George Wells, Mr Biro, of the noted scientific romances. You may have heard of him?

BIX BIRO: Yeah well, let's hope the public have, Mr Orson Welles, or the Columbia Broadcasting Service may have to think twice about renewing your contract. Good night to you. (Door closed.)

ORSON WELLES: Philistine! Why we had to get ourselves in hock with a ... mob stooge like Biro...

JOHN HOUSEMAN: He has a point, my boy. We have to get ourselves noticed, and soon.

(Crowded place.)

MRS VAN BUREN: Oh, a hell of a speech, Cosmo. Oh! My Lord, you should stand for Congress, sweetie.

COSMO DEVINE: Thank you, no, Mrs van Buren. I get all the scandal and vice I need in the theatre.

MRS VAN BUREN: (laughs.) Oh, Cosmo!

COSMO DEVINE: If you will excuse me, I have a call to make.

(Door opened.)

THE DOCTOR: Sit down, Miss Bee.

(Door closed.)

THE DOCTOR: Charley, get the lady a chair.

GLORY BEE: Thank you. I prefer to stand.

THE DOCTOR: Well, you don't mind if I...?

(Sitting down.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: That's a dead man's desk you've got your feet on, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: So Miss Bee, what's the rumpus? You cracking foxy with me or is you in trouble with the Bricks? They gonna drag you down to the hole because some guy gets shot through the pump with a heater?

CHARLEY POLLARD: Are you all right?

THE DOCTOR: Local patter, Charley, it always helps break the ice. As it happens, it's a particular skill of mine.

GLORY BEE: Miss Pollard, is Mr Halliday unwell?

CHARLEY POLLARD: No, no, erm ... he just gets like that sometimes. I believe he was trying to say, how can we help you?

(Clock ticking.)

BIX BIRO: Come on, you son of a...

(Telephone rings.)

BIX BIRO: Hello? Yeah, yeah ... yeah, yes. I think I have the information you require. I'll transmit the signal as arranged ... Mm? Yeah, yeah, tomorrow. Yes. (Louder) Look, I know what I'm doing, dammit! (Calmer) I'm sorry, I'm sorry, look - Look, can I just speak to him, please? ... I done everything you asked. Please, just let him go!

(Disconnection.)

BIX BIRO: Hello?

(Urgent tapping.)

BIX BIRO: Hello? Look, let him go will you? Please!

(Receiver slammed down.)

BIX BIRO: God!

(BIX BIRO sobs.)

(Echoed room as though underground.)

COSMO DEVINE: Your boyfriend is certainly very worried about you, Mr Winkler. I must say, I'd be very flattered to find anyone so concerned for *my* welfare. Sadly this is not likely. It's oh-so-difficult to form close personal relationships in my line of work.

(Gasp by WINKLER.)

COSMO DEVINE: However, if Mr Biro does as he is told, there should be no reason for any ... unpleasantness.

(Gasp by WINKLER. COSMO DEVINE chuckles.)

COSMO DEVINE: You can go back to your little job at the CBS and everything will be hunky-dory. Let's hope for your sake that Mr Biro plays ball.

(COSMO DEVINE chuckles.)

GLORY BEE: It's my Uncle, Mr Halliday. He was here in the city for some kind of conference. We'd arranged to meet, but he didn't show.

THE DOCTOR: Did you check his hotel?

GLORY BEE: First place I went. They had no record of him.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Are you sure it was the right one?

GLORY BEE: Perfectly - you see, I'd seen him there the afternoon before.

CHARLEY POLLARD: In his room?

GLORY BEE: No, the lobby.

THE DOCTOR: What did you do next?

GLORY BEE: I went to the address he'd given for the conference.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Same result?

GLORY BEE: It was just a warehouse down by the East River.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, can I have a word?

THE DOCTOR: Er, just one moment, Miss Bee.

(Walking off.)

THE DOCTOR: What's the rumpus - I mean, what is it?

CHARLEY POLLARD: Should we be doing this? This poor woman's problem is nothing to do with us. She came here to find Halliday so he could find her Uncle.

THE DOCTOR: Halliday's dead.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Exactly. And you're not going to be of much use to Miss Glory Bee by indulging your private detective fantasies.

(THE DOCTOR sighs.)

THE DOCTOR: No, I suppose you're right. Better refer to the police, or ... Miss Bee, this conference your Uncle was attending - what did you say it was?

GLORY BEE: Heavy water, or something. I really don't understand what his research is.

THE DOCTOR: He's a scientist?

GLORY BEE: Didn't I say?

CHARLEY POLLARD: No. Heavy water? What's his field?

GLORY BEE: Oh, I don't know. Something about atoms or some such...

THE DOCTOR: Atoms?
GLORY BEE: Yeah.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, why are you looking like that?
THE DOCTOR: Remember how Halliday died, Charley?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Radiation burst, you said.
THE DOCTOR: Hmm, I think Miss Bee's little problem may be more important than we thought.

(Fizzing sounds.)
DON CHANEY: Ellis, open the chute.
(Throaty growl of alien from below.)
ELLIS: Oh Jesus, boss. Would you look at that thing. I never seen the likes, It's...
DON CHANEY: It's a Golden Goose, Ellis, that's what it is.
(Noise of something being slid over to them.)
DON CHANEY: And look at the pretty little eggs it keeps layin'.
ELLIS: Yeah. (Laughs.)
(Gun powered up.)
DON CHANEY: And don't point that thing at me!
(Gun powered down.)
DON CHANEY: Where the hell is that little rat anyway?
ELLIS: Er, the ... the boys is bringing him in right now.
(Door opened.)
DON CHANEY: Ah.
MOUSE: Mr Chaney ... Mr Chaney sir, there's been a misunderstanding. I...
ELLIS: Shut up. Shut up, you lousy fake.
(Thump, gasp.)
DON CHANEY: Now, where's your partner?
MOUSE: I don't know what you mean, sir.
(Thump, gasp by MOUSE.)
DON CHANEY: I know someone's been fleecing me. I know you're part of the scam, but I don't know who's behind it. Now, talk.
MOUSE: I swear I don't know, Mr Chaney. I was told to bring some of the merchandise to the store. It all went crazy. And then ... then your guys found me.
DON CHANEY: What the hell were you up to?
MOUSE: Oh - you can vouch for me, ca... can't you, Mr Ellis?
ELLIS: Shut your mouth! He ... he's crazy, boss.
(Punch. MOUSE gasps.)
MOUSE: I just borrowed the merchandise.
DON CHANEY: What, this merchandise?
(Weapon powered up.)
MOUSE: Not that one, sir, but it was like it.
DON CHANEY: How does it work, Ellis? Do you know? I mean ... I mean, if I pointed it at Mr Mouse here...
MOUSE: No ... No!
DON CHANEY: Yeah, you're right, you're right, I ain't through.
(Weapon powered down.)
DON CHANEY: So, your mysterious friend. He'd arranged to meet somebody?
MOUSE: Yeah, that's right.
ELLIS: He - he - he was gonna sell the boss's merchandise?
MOUSE: I - I guess so. I - I didn't know a thing. I - I swear it.
DON CHANEY: Okay, okay. But the guy who turned up - that wasn't who your friend expected, am I right?
MOUSE: Nah. It was Halliday. The private dick? We've had some run-ins with him before, when he was on the force. But somebody gave him what he wanted. Fried him. It w... it wasn't me, Mr Chaney...
DON CHANEY: That's okay, son. What do we care if an ex-cop gets his guts fried, huh? Huh?
(DON CHANEY laughs, then ELLIS. MOUSE joins in, laughing nervously.)
DON CHANEY: And you have no idea who this benefactor of yours is?
MOUSE: No, sir. I would tell you if I knew, I swear I would.
DON CHANEY: I believe you, kid. Yeah, it's a damn shame.
MOUSE: S-sir?

DON CHANEY: Well - if I thought you'd be any use to us, I'd keep you alive.
MOUSE: What? Oh - no - no, Mr Chaney, sir - I can help. I'll tell ya..
ELLIS: Shut up!
(Punch. MOUSE cry.)
DON CHANEY: You handled some of the merchandise, Mr Mickey Mouse, strictly against instructions. Now, I think it's time you saw some more of it. A little closer to. Ellis, take the gentleman's coat, would ya?
ELLIS: Why, it'd be a pleasure, boss.
(Coat pulled. MOUSE whines.)
DON CHANEY: Open the chute, Ellis.
MOUSE: No, no! Ph-phantom, please...
DON CHANEY: Don't call me that!
MOUSE: Mr Chaney. It - it was...
(Punch.)
ELLIS: Go on, wise guy, there's...
(Chute opened.)
ELLIS: ... some thing we'd like you to meet.
MOUSE: No... No...
(ELLIS laughs. MOUSE screams.)
MOUSE: No! Ellis!
ELLIS: Bon voy-agee!
MOUSE: No!
(Sliding down chute. Creature growling. MOUSE screams. DON CHANEY/ELLIS laugh.)
DON CHANEY: I think our friend was hungry tonight.

[Part Two]

(DON CHANEY laughs, then ELLIS. MOUSE joins in, laughing nervously.)
DON CHANEY: And you have no idea who this benefactor of yours is?
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(Punch. MOUSE cry.)
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(Coat pulled. MOUSE whines.)
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MOUSE: No, no! Ph-phantom, please...
DON CHANEY: Don't call me that!
MOUSE: Mr Chaney. It - it was...
(Punch.)
ELLIS: Go on, wise guy, there's...
(Chute opened.)
ELLIS: ... some thing we'd like you to meet.
MOUSE: No... No...
(ELLIS laughs. MOUSE screams.)
MOUSE: No! Ellis!
ELLIS: Bon voy-agee!
MOUSE: No!
(Sliding down chute. Creature growling. MOUSE screams. DON CHANEY/ELLIS laugh.)
DON CHANEY: I think our friend was hungry tonight.

(Searching through papers. CHARLEY POLLARD yawns.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Good morning.

CHARLEY POLLARD: What time is it?
THE DOCTOR: No idea. Look at this.
(Paper passed.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Where's...?
THE DOCTOR: She had to go. I've arranged another meeting.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh Doctor, it's six AM. Don't you ever sleep?
THE DOCTOR: Once in a while. Look.
(Checking through papers.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Wh... what are they?
THE DOCTOR: Halliday's notes. He was onto something.
CHARLEY POLLARD: The Excelsior? That's the hotel where Glory's uncle...
THE DOCTOR: Was staying, yes, or not staying according to the management. Halliday'd been down there to check things out, and...
(Banging on door.)
COP: (from outside) Police! Open up!
THE DOCTOR: Police?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh Lor'! Halliday's body. It must have been found by now.
THE DOCTOR: I forgot about that. We'd better scarper.
CHARLEY POLLARD: How?
(Something opened, street sounds.)
THE DOCTOR: Down there.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Are you mad?
THE DOCTOR: It's only two floors.
(Banging on door.)
COP: (from outside) This is the police. Open this door.
THE DOCTOR: The fire escape. There. I've made it easy.
CHARLEY POLLARD: After you?
THE DOCTOR: Very well.
(Running down metal. Car horns.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Right. The Excelsior Hotel?
THE DOCTOR: Indeed. The trouble is there's no address in Halliday's papers.
CHARLEY POLLARD: We could ask a policeman.
(Shot ricochet.)
THE DOCTOR: We'll find it. Come on.
(Running in street.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, hang on.
(Car sounds.)
GANGSTER: Okay Lady, the party's over.
CHARLEY POLLARD: What? Who...?
(CHARLEY POLLARD mumbles as though her mouth is covered and is being dragged away.)
THE DOCTOR: One thing about New York, Charley - the traffic is always terrible. Charley. Charley? Charley!

(Interior, walking. Door opened.)
BIX BIRO: Uh-huh. No, that's not a problem, look I understand. Your men didn't manage to, uh...
(Door closed.)
BIX BIRO: Er ... clean up the restaurant as I hoped. Mm. Yeah.
(Cup placed down.)
CARLA: Your coffee, Mr Biro.
BIX BIRO: Yeah - yeah, thank you, Carla. (Laugh.) Very well, thank you again for your endeavours. Good morning.
(Phone bell as receiver is replaced. BIX BIRO sigh.)
BIX BIRO: How are you finding the new recording machine, Carla?
CARLA: Oh swell, Mr Biro.
BIX BIRO: Okay.
(Clicks.)
BIX BIRO: (tape) Memo, to the shareholders of the Columbia Broadcasting Service. October Thirty-First, Nineteen Thirty-Eight.
(Turned off.)

BIX BIRO: Hmph. Never could stand the sound of my own voice.
CARLA: Is everything all right, Mr Biro?
BIX BIRO: What? Oh yeah, sure, Carla. Just a little business trouble. I tried to have some assets ... liquidated.

(Street sounds.)

THE DOCTOR: Charley, where the devil are...?
GLORY BEE: Trouble, Doc?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, it's you, Miss Bee.
GLORY BEE: Where's your pal?
THE DOCTOR: That's what I'm trying to ascertain. We left the office, I was walking a little ahead and then...
GLORY BEE: Well, it's a big city, gumshoe. There's a lot to tempt a girl.
THE DOCTOR: What are you suggesting? No, no, something smells rotten here.
GLORY BEE: You're standing on a sewer. Listen, ten to one whoever's got my uncle has got your Miss Pollard.
THE DOCTOR: Perhaps.
GLORY BEE: Well, no sense hanging around on the street. What say we get on with the investigation? That is why I hired you.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, I must find Charley, I mean, I - I'm not actually Halli...
GLORY BEE: Not actually what?
THE DOCTOR: Nothing. Oh, very well, Miss Bee, the Excelsior Hotel it is, but keep your eyes peeled for Charley.

(Crowded place, bell dings.)

ORSON WELLES: Jack, what the hell are we doing here? We're late for rehearsals.
JOHN HOUSEMAN: *You're* late for rehearsals, Orson, and the reason we're here is because I couldn't let you go home last night in the state you were in, Virginia would...
ORSON WELLES: That was the State I was in?
JOHN HOUSEMAN: Virginia would have killed me. You remember your wife, Orson?
ORSON WELLES: Vaguely.
JOHN HOUSEMAN: Dear boy, come along.

(Bell dings.)

ELLIS: This is crazy. Why can't we meet somewhere quiet?
COSMO DEVINE: Crowds make me feel secure. It's when I'm alone I get nervous.
ELLIS: You're a strange guy.
COSMO DEVINE: You'd better believe it. Okay, so - what happened last night? My man came as arranged, but no you. Just some stiff on the street corner.
ELLIS: Yeah. Guy called Halliday, he was on to us somehow. Arrived early. I thought he was your guy for a while, and when I found it wasn't - bam!
COSMO DEVINE: You used...?
ELLIS: Oh yeah. Let me tell you, that baby's worth every cent, Mr Devine.
COSMO DEVINE: Keep your voice down, you klutz. I'm not wearing these dark glasses just to protect my baby blues, you know. So this guy Halliday. He was on to us, you say?
ELLIS: I don't know how. Anyway, I had his place watched and one of my guys has taken a young lady into ... protective custody. She's back at your place.
COSMO DEVINE: Mm. Well, we can chat about that later. Now, I don't suppose you've thought any more about our conversation of the other night?

ELLIS: Mm?

COSMO DEVINE: Where's the merchandise coming from, Ellis?

(Bell ding in background.)

ELLIS: Oh, you ... you know I can't tell you that.
COSMO DEVINE: I can make it worth your while.
THE DOCTOR: Stepashin. Professor Yuri Stepashin. He was staying here.
MAN: No sir, I don't believe so.
GLORY BEE: Check again, would you?
MAN: I'm afraid there wouldn't be any point, Ma'am. No-one of that name has registered in this hotel.
ELLIS: What's up?
COSMO DEVINE: Stepashin. He's an atomic scientist over from Russia for a top-secret

conference. I had my eye on him. He was here at the Excelsior, then ... puff, he vanished.

ELLIS: Why were you so interested in him?

COSMO DEVINE: Oh, he's a remarkable fella. A great brain, also he has theories about life on other worlds and has made no secret of them. We thought him just the man to ... help us with this little matter.

ELLIS: But someone else beat you to it.

COSMO DEVINE: Alas.

ELLIS: Yeah. And I know who.

(Banging on door. Ticking in the background.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: Will you let me out! What on earth is ... Let me out!

WINKLER: It's no good shouting. They're paid not to hear.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh! You made me jump. How long have you been here?

WINKLER: Oh, about three weeks, I guess. I'm Jimmy. Hi.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Charley. Where are we?

WINKLER: Somewhere in New Jersey, I think. What did *you* do to offend Mr Devine?

CHARLEY POLLARD: Who?

WINKLER: Our host. Don't you know? That's the genius of it, I guess. No-one would ever think ill of Mr Cosmo Devine, the life and soul of every party.

CHARLEY POLLARD: I've never heard of him. I was conducting an ... investigation with my friend.

WINKLER: You *will* hear of Mr Devine, at least if he gets *his* way. I ... think he's planning a trip for some foreign visitors. They have trouble getting into the States via the usual channels.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Why? Who are they?

WINKLER: The German Army.

(Ringing bell for attention in crowded place.)

THE DOCTOR: Hello? Hello? Could I speak to the manager, please?

GLORY BEE: This isn't getting us very far. So, we think someone's got your friend and my uncle, the hotel's denying all knowledge of it.

THE DOCTOR: That about sums it up.

GLORY BEE: Which I told you yesterday. Great start.

THE DOCTOR: Yes well, could you cause a distraction? I've got an idea.

GLORY BEE: A distraction? What kind of distraction?

THE DOCTOR: Search me. Engage the man at the desk in conversation, you know - politics, weather, approaching war, that kind of stuff.

GLORY BEE: Approaching war?

THE DOCTOR: Well, failing that, feign death. It always works for me.

(THE DOCTOR clears his throat. GLORY BEE groans.)

GLORY BEE: Help me.

THE DOCTOR: Miss Bee, what's wrong?

GLORY BEE: Oh Mr Halliday, I feel strange, I...

(Falling to ground.)

THE DOCTOR: Help, please. Someone get a doctor.

MAN: Oh my.

GLORY BEE: Now what?

THE DOCTOR: I'll get the guest register while no-one's looking.

(Searching through book.)

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Don't you people know the meaning of service? Get this young lady a chair.

(GLORY BEE groans.)

GLORY BEE: I'm feeling much better now, thank you.

COSMO DEVINE: Are you sure, Miss? That was quite a tumble.

GLORY BEE: No, no. No,. that's ... that's all right.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, you do look a lot better actually. Shall we go?

GLORY BEE: You found it?

THE DOCTOR: I'll tell you later. She's going again.

(GLORY BEE groans.)

THE DOCTOR: Come on, I'd better get you to a darkened room.

GLORY BEE: I beg your pardon?

THE DOCTOR: Fifteenth floor. Room One Five Four Oh.

(A laboratory, sounds of bubbling liquids.)

STEPASHIN: Careful, careful. This is the crucial stage, my friend. Now, if I add just one tiny drop to the suspension.

ELLIS: The top of the morning to you, Professor.

(Dropping, smash. STEPASHIN groans in frustration.)

ELLIS: Oh Jeez, I'm sorry.

STEPASHIN: Look what you have made me do, you cretinous dog!

ELLIS: Hey, no need to get nasty, Prof.

STEPASHIN: Look, I go along with your little scheme, yes? I try to find out how our visitor in the tank ticks, yes? And all I ask in your return is that your ugly mindless brutes don't come crashing in here like the Keystone Kops.

ELLIS: Don't call the boss ugly.

DON CHANEY: Shut up.

ELLIS: No. I got to put him right, boss. I know how sensitive you is about your mug an' all.

DON CHANEY: Shut up!

ELLIS: You know, when that guy in Luigi's called you the Phantom I got so mad, I tell ya...

DON CHANEY: Ellis! If you don't want to join our friend in there...

(Bubbling liquid.)

DON CHANEY: ... You'll keep it zipped, capiche? Professor, I apologise for my loutish associate. So tell me. How goes it?

STEPASHIN: I progress. That is all I can say. There is so much information, such wonders. Ach, it would take a thousand lifetimes to decode it all.

DON CHANEY: Ah, you've got three days.

STEPASHIN: This I know,

ELLIS: The boss is close to a deal, ain't ya, boss?

DON CHANEY: That's right, Ellis. Then the guns, the flying saucer, and the whatever the hell it is in there, goes west.

STEPASHIN: To the highest bidder?

DON CHANEY: Naturally. I ain't running no charity.

STEPASHIN: But you don't understand, Mr Chaney.

DON CHANEY: Don. Call me Don.

STEPASHIN: Yes - Don. If this technology falls into the wrong hands...

DON CHANEY: What? There'll be a war? There's already one cooking up nicely out there Professor, or ain't you heard?

STEPASHIN: If the Nazis were to hear of this...

DON CHANEY: They won't. They ain't even in the bidding. Don't you fret now, Professor. The CIA ain't stupid. They'll come round to my way of thinking and pay my price. And then this particular Man in the Moon will make sure Uncle Sam's on the winning side, huh? Huh?

(DON CHANEY then ELLIS laugh.)

(Walking.)

THE DOCTOR: The page for October Thirtieth had been removed, then copied out again.

GLORY BEE: So how come you spotted my uncle?

THE DOCTOR: I could see where the names had left their imprint on the next page. Is this the right floor? Yes. They were all the same, all the signatures carefully traced over.

GLORY BEE: Except One Five Four Oh. Here it is.

THE DOCTOR: Where, according to the register, A Mr Schwerwasser resides.

GLORY BEE: What kind of a name is that?

THE DOCTOR: No kind. It's a joke, not a very good one at that. It's the German for heavy water, as used in the production of...

GLORY BEE: Atomic weapons.

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

(Knocking on door. THE DOCTOR speaks in an American accent)

THE DOCTOR: Mr Schwerwasser? Mr Schwerwasser, Room Service.

GLORY BEE: What are you expecting to find, Doc? I mean, if he'd been kidnapped they're hardly likely to keep him in his own hotel room.

THE DOCTOR: Clues, Miss Bee. Anything which might tell us where he's being held.

(Fiddling with door, door opened.)

GLORY BEE: How did you...?

THE DOCTOR: Please.

(Walking in room.)

GANGSTER: Glad youse could join us. The boss would like a word. I understand you's been asking questions.

(Opening door, walking in.)

ORSON WELLES: What are we doing tied to this lumbering monstrosity? There's serious work down there, Jack. That's what the Mercury Theatre should be doing, not these penny-dreadfuls.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Oh, a dollar fifty dreadfuls at least, Orson. Besides, that's a bit rich coming from The Shadow.

ORSON WELLES: Who knows what evil lurks in the heart of Man? The Shadow knows.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Pure melodrama, my boy. As I say, the pot calling the kettle black.

ORSON WELLES: Beige, perhaps, Jack. What time are we on?

(Checking through papers, liquid pouring.)

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Five minutes. Now, get this down you and for Pete's sake relax.

(Drinking.)

ORSON WELLES: We know now that in the early years of the Twentieth Century, this world was being watched closely by intelligences greater than Man's, and yet as mortal as his own. We know now that as human beings busied themselves about their various concerns, they were scrutinised and studied, perhaps almost as narrowly as a man with a microscope might scrutinise the transient creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. With infinite complacency, people went to and fro over the Earth about their little affairs, serene in the assurance of their dominion over this small spinning fragment of solar driftwood, which by chance or design Man has inherited out of the dark mystery of Time and Space ... Hmm. Not bad, Howard, not bad.

CARLA: Two minutes, studio.

(Applause.)

EDGAR BERGAN: (radio) Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, we're very glad to be here.

CHARLIE McCARTHY: (radio) Speak for yourself.

(Laughter. Laugh by DON CHANEY.)

DON CHANEY: How do they think of these things? I love it, I love it!

GANGSTER: Kinda strange though, eh boss?

DON CHANEY: What is?

GANGSTER: Well, a dummy on the radio. I mean, how do we know the guy's lips ain't moving?

DON CHANEY: Shut your mouth. You want to spoil the magic, huh?

GANGSTER: No, boss. Sorry.

CHARLIE McCARTHY: (radio) A match made in heaven.

EDGAR BERGAN: (radio) You'll be taking a trip to the...

DON CHANEY: I can't listen to it now. Twist the god-damned dial.

GANGSTER: Yes, sir.

(Radio static.)

MALE RADIO VOICE: The Columbia Broadcasting System and its affiliated stations present Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre of the Air in "The War Of The Worlds" by H.G. Wells.

(Music starts.)

DON CHANEY: Where the hell is Ellis? He's never around when I need him.

GANGSTER: He went to put the two I found sniffing around at The Excelsior into the clink. In case you want to give them the once-over.

DON CHANEY: Yeah, I might just do that.

ORSON WELLES: (radio) We know now that in the early years of the Twentieth Century...

DON CHANEY: So you got the candy ready?

GANGSTER: Candy, Mr Chaney?

DON CHANEY: Yeah. In case some kids come round for Trick or Treat.

(GANGSTER laughs.)

GANGSTER: Trick or Treat. That's good, boss.

(Standing up.)

DON CHANEY: Yeah. Yeah well, I think I will go and see those goons you picked up. I can't sit around on my brains all night.

GANGSTER: Yes, sir.

(Door opened.)

GANGSTER: Er - I mean no, sir.

(Door closed.)

ORSON WELLES: (radio) ... Perhaps almost as narrowly as a man with a microscope...

GANGSTER: Dumb freak.

ORSON WELLES: (radio) ... Might scrutinise the transient creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. With infinite complacency, people went to and fro over the Earth about their little affairs, serene in the assurance of their dominion over this small spinning fragment of solar driftwood, which by chance or design Man has inherited out of the dark mystery of Time and Space. Yet across an immense ethereal gulf, minds that are to our minds as ours are to the beasts in the jungle, intellects vast, cool and unsympathetic, regarded this Earth with envious eyes and slowly and surely drew their plans against us.

(Thrown into cell.)

ELLIS: Mr Chaney's too busy to see youse now but he says he might drop by a little later.

THE DOCTOR: That's very nice of Mr Chaney. Could you remove the blindfolds now? We promise not to peep.

ELLIS: Well, er ... okay.

(Moving over to remove blindfolds.)

THE DOCTOR: Would it be too much to ask why you've brought us here?

ELLIS: That's secret. All I know is I have to bring in anyone sniffing around the Professor.

THE DOCTOR: Remind me not to entrust you with any of my secrets.

GLORY BEE: Professor Stepashin?

ELLIS: Er ... well, I'm not allowed to say.

THE DOCTOR: No, Miss Bee, it could be any of a number of kidnapped Professors, isn't that right, Mr...?

ELLIS: Ellis.

THE DOCTOR: Like the island.

(ELLIS laughs.)

ELLIS: Yeah, yeah. That's what they call me.

THE DOCTOR: I can't think why.

ELLIS: Yeah ... Hey, you talk too much.

THE DOCTOR: So I'm told. Well, don't let us keep you.

ELLIS: Er ... Hey, a word of advice. When you meet the boss, don't make no cracks about his mug. It upsets him. And when he gets upset he gets angry.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you very much, we'll bear that in mind. Toodle-oo.

ELLIS: Er ... right.

(Walking off, metal door swung, closed.)

GLORY BEE: You think these mobsters have my uncle?

THE DOCTOR: Seems likely, don't you think? At the very least they're involved, but the question is why?

GLORY BEE: It's a wicked world, Doc. There's plenty of people who'd like to get their hands on what's inside my uncle's head.

THE DOCTOR: Mm. Well, no sense in hanging round here, we'll find out an awful lot more once we're mobile again. Besides, I've got to find Charley.

GLORY BEE: Maybe they're holding her here too.

THE DOCTOR: I wouldn't mind having another look inside that hotel, though.

GLORY BEE: You think she's there?

THE DOCTOR: Possibly. I'd also like to try one of their sidecars. I've a weakness for Manhattan cocktails.

GLORY BEE: You're forgetting something.

THE DOCTOR: I am?

GLORY BEE: The door.

THE DOCTOR: Please.

GLORY BEE: We're you a housebreaker before you became a detective?

THE DOCTOR: No, but I've been intimately involved with more cell doors than you've had...

GLORY BEE: Dead men?

THE DOCTOR: I was going to say hot dinners.

GLORY BEE: I've had a few.

THE DOCTOR: And yet you stay so slim. What's your secret?

GLORY BEE: Clean living. What's yours?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, every now and again I treat myself to a complete makeover.

(Door unlocked and opened.)

THE DOCTOR: Let's go.

(Ticking in background.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: And he's got some kind of hold over your ... your friend.

WINKLER: Yeah. Bix has some ... unwholesome connections. Mobsters, mainly. I guess Devine thinks he can find out where this space stuff is being kept.

(Door opened.)

COSMO DEVINE: Good evening to you.

CHARLEY POLLARD: What's going on here? I mean, honestly, can't a person walk down the street without being kidnapped these days?

COSMO DEVINE: Hush now.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Why are you keeping me here?

(Grabbed.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh! What the...

WINKLER: Leave her alone!

COSMO DEVINE: Don't struggle.

(Manhandling movement.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, I don't believe this. Will you let me go?

COSMO DEVINE: I'm afraid not. Not until you've answered fully one or two questions which I must put to you.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Who are you?

COSMO DEVINE: The Boogey-Man, sweetheart. Now, tell me about your interest in Professor Stepashin and a little matter of New York City's illustrious new visitors.

CHARLEY POLLARD: I don't know what you're talking about.

COSMO DEVINE: Oh, come on. We are not children.

(Some case opened.)

COSMO DEVINE: Sadly, it may prove necessary to inject a little ... something to speed the process along.

CHARLEY POLLARD: No!

COSMO DEVINE: Will you hold out your arm, please? Or do I have to get nasty?

CHARLEY POLLARD: No!

(Muffled struggle.)

"PHILLIPS": (radio) most terrifying thing I've ever witnessed.

COSMO DEVINE: Oh...

"PHILLIPS": (radio) Wait a minute...

COSMO DEVINE: I almost forgot.

"PHILLIPS": (radio) Someone's crawling out of the hollow top ... some one, or ... some thing...

COSMO DEVINE: Happy Hallowe'en.

(CHARLEY POLLARD cries out while voice on radio continues.)

"PHILLIPS": (radio) ... two luminous discs ... Are they eyes? It might be a face, it might be...

(Metallic door slides open. Walking in.)

THE DOCTOR: Shine the light, would you?

GLORY BEE: This looks promising.

(Metal door closes.)

THE DOCTOR: Well, it's certainly the sort of place I'd knock up if I were in the Professor's line of work. Nice equipment.

GLORY BEE: I bet you say that to all the girls.

THE DOCTOR: Actually, no. Look.

(Object examined.)

GLORY BEE: What is it?

THE DOCTOR: Do you know what that is?

GLORY BEE: Not a clue.

THE DOCTOR: Nor me.

GLORY BEE: Oh.

THE DOCTOR: But this I *do* know and this is *very* familiar.

GLORY BEE: I'm all ears.

THE DOCTOR: They're part of the drive system from a star ship.
GLORY BEE: Star ship?
THE DOCTOR: Extraterrestrial, or I'm a Dutchman.
GLORY BEE: Extra... You mean...?
THE DOCTOR: Not of this Earth, Miss Glory Bee. Quite a thought, isn't it?
GLORY BEE: Someone's coming. Quickly.
THE DOCTOR: Lights!
(Running off.)
THE DOCTOR: Behind this. Get your head down.
GLORY BEE: Doctor...
THE DOCTOR: Shh!
(Door opened.)
STEPASHIN: Ah ... ah-hah ... Yes, yes, Mm, mm, yes.
(Bubbling liquids.)
THE DOCTOR: Is that your uncle?
GLORY BEE: That's Professor Stepashin, yes.
THE DOCTOR: Well, what are we waiting for?
GLORY BEE: No, wait, wait.
STEPASHIN: And how is my patient?
(Something opened with a hiss.)
STEPASHIN: It's getting murky in there, like a dirty goldfish bowl, eh my friend? I cannot see you in there, but ... you are getting well, yes?
(Tapping on glass.)
STEPASHIN: I do not think I will be trying to take your temperature just yet.
(Door sealed.)
THE DOCTOR: What's the matter? He's your Uncle, isn't he? This'll be a nice reunion.
GLORY BEE: Let's wait, see if we can find out more about who kidnapped him.
THE DOCTOR: Well, why don't we just ask him? Professor Stepashin?
STEPASHIN: What is this? Who...?
(Walking over.)
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry to startle you. I'm the Doctor, and I've brought a visitor. Glory?
STEPASHIN: What do you think you're ... Who are you people?
THE DOCTOR: I'm just a tourist, but this lady needs no introduction, surely?
STEPASHIN: What?
THE DOCTOR: Your niece.
STEPASHIN: I have no family. Where is Chaney? What the hell is going on?
(Gun cocked.)
GLORY BEE: Sorry, Doc. I guess I ought to thank you for leading me to the Professor.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, not at all.
STEPASHIN: You have come for me?
(GLORY BEE now speaks in Russian accent.)
GLORY BEE: It's nothing personal. I'm doing it for Mother Russia.

[Part Three]

(Metallic door slides open.)
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GLORY BEE: This looks promising.
(Metal door closes.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, it's certainly the sort of place I'd knock up if I were in the Professor's line of work. Nice equipment.
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STEPASHIN: You have come for me?
(GLORY BEE now speaks in Russian accent.)
GLORY BEE: It's nothing personal. I'm doing it for Mother Russia.

(Door being opened.)
ORSON WELLES: (radio) ...Martian machine, standing somewhere in Central Park, gleaming in the late afternoon Summer...
(CHARLEY POLLARD groan of wakening.)
COSMO DEVINE: Mr Ellis, how kind of you to join us.
ELLIS: I can't stay long. Chaney's getting suspicious. She talked yet?
COSMO DEVINE: Incessantly. Isn't that right, Mr Winkler?
WINKLER: Why, you no good son of a...
CHARLEY POLLARD: Turn! Turn back the tide. Turn it back.
ELLIS: What's she talking about?
COSMO DEVINE: Don't have a clue. Tide? Could be something to do with heavy water research. Stepashin's line?
ELLIS: Maybe she's CIA.
COSMO DEVINE: I don't think so. Okay, Sleeping Beauty, one more time. Who sent you?
CHARLEY POLLARD: No-one sent me ... I came with the Doctor ... It's my time, you see...
COSMO DEVINE: Your time?

ELLIS: Who is this Doctor?
CHARLEY POLLARD: We came in a time machine.
(CHARLEY POLLARD chuckles.)
ELLIS: Could be a hophead, for all we know.
COSMO DEVINE: Shut up. This doctor, what does he want? Does he know about the space creature?
CHARLEY POLLARD: He knows all about space creatures. He'll stop the meddling. Can't turn back the tide, Canute.
(CHARLEY POLLARD laughs.)
COSMO DEVINE: Canute?
ELLIS: Code name?
COSMO DEVINE: Turn up the radio.
ORSON WELLES: (radio) .. at Sixtieth Street, and from there I could see, standing in a silent row along the mall, nineteen of those great metal Titans...
ELLIS: Why do you want to listen to this?
COSMO DEVINE: I'm waiting for a signal, Mr Ellis.
(Sound of loud engine overhead.)
ELLIS: What the hell was that!

(Noise of spaceship door opening, walking on metal. Two aliens, NORIAM's voice more high-pitched than STREATH.)
STREATH: Situation, Conserver Noriam?
NORIAM: Decimation pattern concluded. And as estimated, Destroyer Streath, we are only a short distance from the stranded breeding party.
STREATH: That is acceptable. What is the native life form?
NORIAM: Ah ... our reports are regrettably vague. No visits recorded. However a brief technoscan prior to landfall reveals evidence of a heavily-industrialised pre-fission civilisation. Abundant mineral wealth, precious metals ... oh, and a lot of water.
STREATH: Hmph!
NORIAM: Indigenous life unrecorded.
STREATH: Then we must record some. Before we shatter this planet to dust!
(STREATH sighs in ecstasy.)

THE DOCTOR: I haven't been very bright, have I?
GLORY BEE: Bright enough to find the Professor. I'm obliged.
THE DOCTOR: What do you get out of all of this?
STEPASHIN: She has come to bring me home.
GLORY BEE: Is that not a good place to be?
STEPASHIN: Hah! Home to your Gulags, your camps. This is the future that Mother Russia offers me.
GLORY BEE: Come, we must get out of here. Walk, please.
(Walking on metal, automatic door opening, walking.)
THE DOCTOR: You were going to defect.
STEPASHIN: I do not know the term.
GLORY BEE: We suspected the Professor was planning to ... extend his trip to the United States a little. It is important that such a mind as his remain within the Soviet Union.
THE DOCTOR: But you lost him, didn't you?
GLORY BEE: Somebody made away with him, yes. We decided to try any means of discovering his whereabouts, even down to hiring disgusting Capitalist private detective! No offence, Mr Halliday.
THE DOCTOR: None taken, I'm not Halliday, he's dead.
GLORY BEE: Then it seems we have both been playing games.
THE DOCTOR: Shh!
(Walking continues.)
STEPASHIN: But you don't understand. Neither of you can. This is no longer about politics. What is in that room will change the world.
THE DOCTOR: Alien technology, I know.
STEPASHIN: Yes, and already I have used it to advance my studies in atomic fission. It will be of incredible benefit to Mankind.
THE DOCTOR: Or finish off Mankind altogether.

STEPASHIN: Not just the wonderful machines of these space creatures, one of the creatures themselves.

THE DOCTOR: What?

STEPASHIN: Back there, back there in the tank.

(GLORY BEE laughs.)

GLORY BEE: This is all to the good. Now I shall return the Professor to Moscow, along with his astounding trinkets.

THE DOCTOR: I imagine they're pretty heavy. How do you propose...?

GLORY BEE: Once we are out of here, I shall make contact with my people. They will arrive in force. Now, through here, if you please.

(Metal door opened. Shipping machinery operating within.)

STEPASHIN: What is this?

THE DOCTOR: Well, well. I've seen some secret headquarters in my time. A headquarters inside the Brooklyn Bridge.

ORSON WELLES: Suddenly my eyes were attracted to the immense flock of black birds that hovered directly below me. They circled to the ground and there before my eyes, stark and silent, lay the Martians. With the hungry birds pecking and tearing brown shreds of flesh from their dead bodies. Later when their bodies were examined in the laboratories, it was found that they were killed by the putrefactive and disease bacteria against which their systems were unprepared...

(Bleeps.)

ORSON WELLES: (speaker) Slain, after all Man's defences had failed...

JOHN HOUSEMAN: What's that, Carla?

CARLA: I don't know, sir.

ORSON WELLES: (speaker) ...by the humblest thing that God in his wisdom put upon this Earth.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Very nice, Orson.

(Telephone ring. Receiver lifted.)

CARLA: Yeah? ... What? What did you say? You're kidding. What!

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Carla?

(Receiver replaced.)

CARLA: It's the switchboards, Mr Houseman. They're jammed.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: You mean somebody's listening?

CARLA: You could put it that way, sir. They ... they think it's real.

(Door opened Walking in.)

BIX BIRO: Oh boy! You've really done it this time!

(Sounds of shipping in the background.)

STEPASHIN: Most ingenious.

THE DOCTOR: Ingenious indeed. Discreet, and yet handy for town.

GLORY BEE: There is no time for this. The Professor and I must be going. To the victor, the spoils, eh? In this case, the Soviet Union. Doctor, you are free to go.

THE DOCTOR: That's very kind of you, but I'm afraid I'd rather stick around. As I've explained, I can't really allow that technology to fall into anyone's hands.

(Walking over.)

DON CHANEY: Least of all a lousy Red.

(Alien gun powered up.)

THE DOCTOR: Now, let's not do anything hasty.

DON CHANEY: You're the two Ellis found at the hotel?

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

DON CHANEY: The ones he told me were locked up?

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

DON CHANEY: Would you recommend I get myself a new second-in-command?

THE DOCTOR: Probably. Now listen, Mr ... Chaney, isn't it?

DON CHANEY: That's right. So youse is the Russkies, huh?

THE DOCTOR: No, no, the lady is a ... is a Russkie, I'm just an interested observer.

DON CHANEY: Observer, huh? Never sit on fences, my friend. It makes your eyes water.

THE DOCTOR: All right, Mr Chaney, I'm not an observer, I'm an active participant. Now, listen

to me. We both know what kind of a precarious state the world is in currently.

DON CHANEY: Uh-huh...

(Gun powered down.)

THE DOCTOR: Then I implore you, whatever deal you've made, forget it. This stuff is too dangerous to give to anyone right now.

DON CHANEY: But I made a deal, Mr...

THE DOCTOR: Doctor.

DON CHANEY: Doctor. Don Chaney made a deal with the good guys, how about that? The CIA are on their way to a cosy rendezvous. I'm packing up my troubles and I'm gonna give them all that space junk downstairs.

STEPASHIN: At least he has not sold it to the Nazis.

GLORY BEE: But it belongs to us. The Professor has sustained this creature, analysed the technology. I claim it all!

(DON CHANEY laughs.)

DON CHANEY: Are you kiddin'?

THE DOCTOR: What do you think this is, Pass The Parcel? We're talking about technology that is thousands of years in advance of what you have on Earth. The Professor here has already adapted what he's learned to help with his fission experiments.

STEPASHIN: Yes. Yes, I have constructed a prototype. I believe it will work. Think of it. An atomic bomb.

THE DOCTOR: I am thinking of it. Now please, Mr Chaney, Professor, Miss Bee or whoever you are, let it go. Believe me, it's for the best. I can take care of this.

DON CHANEY: And who are youse, huh? Santy Claus? Say, are you English? Is that why you're giving us all this hope and charity stuff? Yeah, that's it. Your Mr Chamberlain wants to get his paws on it first. Well, no dice, Doctor.

(Running over.)

GANGSTER: Boss! Boss!

DON CHANEY: Hey, you're just in time. Tell Ellis he's fired.

GANGSTER: Listen boss, it's on the radio. Everyone's talking about it.

DON CHANEY: Talking about what?

GANGSTER: Men from Space, boss. They're here.

DON CHANEY: We know that, you klutz. What do you think this whole goddamn circus is about?

GANGSTER: No, no, not that man from Space, boss. Some *other* man from Space.

THE DOCTOR: What?

GANGSTER: Martians. The Martians have landed!

THE DOCTOR: I sincerely hope not.

ORSON WELLES: (radio) ... in vain for the monsters that inhabit those machines.

(Radio turned off.)

ELLIS: That was the signal?

COSMO DEVINE: That's correct, Mr Ellis. The signal telling me I can toddle along to the CBS and pick up the information I require.

(CHARLEY POLLARD groans.)

ELLIS: Ah - ah ... I think she's coming out of it.

COSMO DEVINE: Really. It's of small consequence.

ELLIS: I-information? What information?

WINKLER: The alien. Where it's being kept.

ELLIS: Why ,... but how can you...

(Gun powered up.)

ELLIS: No. You need me, Devine. I got you all this merchandise.

COSMO DEVINE: And I'm probably grateful. Alas, you wouldn't divulge its location and so I had to find someone else who'd tell me.

ELLIS: You ... you double-crossed me.

COSMO DEVINE: Naturally. My grandmother taught me two things in life. Never wash taffeta with cotton, and never put all your eggs in one basket. I have to say, the latter has been of most use to me.

ELLIS: You know where the spaceman is.

COSMO DEVINE: I will very shortly. I've been keeping this young man in my house. "Plus ça change...", I hear you cry. But this one was staying very much against his will, I'm afraid. His

nearest and dearest is very keen to get him back.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Blackmail.

COSMO DEVINE: Well, hello. Yes, blackmail. What do they say in the movies? It's an ugly word? Well, it's an ugly world too, my friend, as you will shortly find out.

(Gun powered up higher.)

ELLIS: You're crazy, Devine! What if your guy doesn't come up with the address? Then what? I'm your only hope.

COSMO DEVINE: It's a chance I'll take, if only to spare myself your dazzling conversation. Ta-ta.

CHARLEY POLLARD: No!

(Running over, struggle.)

COSMO DEVINE: Why, you...

(Laser gun fired, explosion, WINKLER crying out.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: Chair, quick!

ELLIS: What?

CHARLEY POLLARD: Hit him with the chair!

(Noise of chair being hit/breaking and COSMO DEVINE gasp. Humming of laser gun.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: Now, cut Jimmy loose or I'll shoot.

ELLIS: It's no good. The ray gun must have got him. He's a goner.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh ... Oh, all right. Let's go. Move.

(Walking out.)

THE DOCTOR: We can't stand around here all night.

DON CHANEY: I gotta protect my investment, Doctor. The CIA want the Professor here as well. Maybe they'll want you too. You science guys fetch quite a few cents, I can tell you. Now, drop the gun, sister.

GLORY BEE: Hah! I am trained Soviet agent. I do not disarm myself because some stupid Yankee gangster threatens me.

DON CHANEY: Uh. I'll count to three.

STEPASHIN: Please, stop this.

DON CHANEY: Hand over the Prof and you can go home to Siberia and play with your dolls.

GLORY BEE: You know, we have skilled surgeons in Soviet Union. They could do something about that face of yours.

DON CHANEY: Uh, sticks and stones. Now, what's all this about Martians?

THE DOCTOR: I've no idea. I would imagine that whoever lost his alien ship has come back to find it and ... Wait a minute. What year is this?

DON CHANEY: Oh, now I heard it all.

THE DOCTOR: Nineteen Thirty-Eight, yes?

STEPASHIN: October Thirty-First, why?

THE DOCTOR: Martians, hmm?

(THE DOCTOR laughs.)

BIX BIRO: They're going crazy, Houseman. What the hell did you think you were doing?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: We none of us expected this, Mr Biro.

(Telephone rings. Receiver lifted.)

BIX BIRO: Yes? What? Oh, for Christ sakes.

(Receiver put down.)

BIX BIRO: The whole place is under siege, you dumb ass! As if I didn't have enough on my ... Is that clock right?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Of course.

BIX BIRO: Okay. You're off the air in five. Now, I'm expecting a ... very important visitor. I want you to get that young idiot in there to apologise to the people of America for scaring the bejesus out of 'em, and then, I want to see both of you in my office.

(Walking off.)

BIX BIRO: Martians. Jesus!

(Door closed.)

JOHN HOUSEMAN: All right, Carla. Better write something appropriate for young Mr Welles. Lock that door, would you? I've a feeling it's ... gonna be a long night.

(Panic crowd screams, traffic jam noises.)

WOMAN: The Martians are coming! The Martians are coming! They're coming!

MAN: They're here already, lady. Jersey's been blown.

WOMAN: Oh my Lord.

(Running.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh, keep moving, you fat fool.

ELLIS: I'm ... I'm gonna wring your neck, little lady.

(Humming sound of alien ship.)

ELLIS: What the...

(CHARLEY POLLARD gasps.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: Do you see what I see?

ELLIS: L-let's get out of here.

STREATH: What was that? Seize them.

(Wings flapping, Bat-like screeches.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh my God! Get off me, get away!

ELLIS: Holy Mother...

STREATH: Destroy, destroy, destroy!

NORIAM: Wait, wait.

STREATH: You dare to question me?

NORIAM: It is my right as a brother Laidrblacker to question you, Streath. I am merely suggesting that we *record* the life-form before its destruction.

STREATH: Destruction is good, Noriam. To destroy is the Second Principle.

NORIAM: And the joint Second Principle is conservation. That is our way. Do I have to explain to you as I would to a child?

STREATH: Yes, yes! The middle way, I know. Between destruction and conservation lies wisdom, yes...

NORIAM: Precisely. Now, would it not be wise to gauge the strength of the native creatures by examining them?

STREATH: There is some sense in your words, Noriam. Their destruction shall be postponed.

NORIAM: Thank you.

STREATH: Postponed, mind you. Now...

(STREATH hisses)

STREATH: Ahh...!

(CHARLEY POLLARD gasps.)

STREATH: They're very little, are they not?

NORIAM: Indeed, Streath. Keep still, beast!

(ELLIS gasps.)

STREATH: And ... and without much hair. It is a poor thing to be so hairless. What are you called, hairless thing? Ahh...!

CHARLEY POLLARD: Ch... Ch... Charley.

STREATH: Are you an overlord of this place, Ch-Ch-Charley, or an underling?

(CHARLEY POLLARD gasps.)

STREATH: Answer! Your destruction has merely been postponed.

CHARLEY POLLARD: I don't understand.

NORIAM: May I?

(STREATH growls.)

NORIAM: Now, what is this place called?

CHARLEY POLLARD: I haven't a clue.

NORIAM: You, then. What is this place called?

ELLIS: N... New Jersey.

NORIAM: And what are your defensive capabilities?

ELLIS: Eh?

NORIAM: (Sigh.) Is N-New Jersey the place where your weapons are kept?

ELLIS: No, sir. I guess that'd be in ... in the city.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Shut up, Ellis.

STREATH: The city.

ELLIS: Manhattan. Just across the water.

NORIAM: Water? Ah yes.

ELLIS: You, er ... need, erm ... the Staten Island ferry.

STREATH: Just so, Noriam?

NORIAM: Yes.

STREATH: This city. This must be where the breeding party crashed. Tracking must begin at once, and prepare for takeoff.

NORIAM: Very well.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Well done, Ellis.

STREATH: And you will come with us, hairless things. You may prove useful. We'll take Manhattan, and Staten Island too.

(STREATH laughs.)

(Three knocks, door opened. Traffic chaos in background.)

COSMO DEVINE: I had quite a bit of trouble getting in here, Mr Biro. Is there a Mardi Gras going on?

BIX BIRO: Look, never mind that. Did anyone see you come in?

COSMO DEVINE: Not a soul. I followed your instructions to the letter. And I got your signal. Ingenious.

BIX BIRO: Yeah, yeah, well ... I was a sound engineer before they put me behind this desk. It wasn't very difficult to arrange.

COSMO DEVINE: You have the location?

BIX BIRO: I got it. Now, where's Jimmy ... Mr Winkler?

COSMO DEVINE: He's safe. He'll be released as soon as we leave here.

BIX BIRO: How do I know...?

COSMO DEVINE: That he'll be all right? You don't. I guess you'll just have to trust me.

BIX BIRO: Okay. Okay. The spaceship or whatever crash-landed in Brooklyn. The CIA were onto it like flies round a wound, but the local mobsters got there first, a fella called...

COSMO DEVINE: Chaney. Don Chaney. Known as The Phantom.

BIX BIRO: You know all this?

COSMO DEVINE: Naturally. One of Mr Chaney's thugs was until recently in my employ. And I have a few scores still to settle with him. All I need is the address.

BIX BIRO: (laugh) It's not quite an address. Chaney's base is inside the left leg of the Brooklyn Bridge. Manhattan side.

COSMO DEVINE: Thank you. I knew I could rely on those rather dubious underworld contacts of yours. I'm sure no-one need hear of them now.

BIX BIRO: Devine, you'll let Jimmy go?

COSMO DEVINE: I only wish I could, Mr Biro, but he met with an accident a short time ago.

BIX BIRO: Why, you...

COSMO DEVINE: Oh, there's just one more thing.

(Shot fired from a gun with a silencer. BIX BIRO gasps, two more shots from the silencer.)

COSMO DEVINE: That's *Mr* Devine to you.

(Door closes. BIX BIRO gasps. Sound of the words of a tape rewinding.)

DON CHANEY: Here. Take this. These rays guns is heavy.

GANGSTER: Sure, boss.

THE DOCTOR: Look, over there, heading towards us.

DON CHANEY: Yeah, yeah, I know all the tricks, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I'm serious...

(Whine of space craft overhead.)

STEPASHIN: My God!

THE DOCTOR: We've got company, Mr Chaney.

DON CHANEY: What is it?

THE DOCTOR: A version of the ship I imagine you have in pieces down below. It's probably...

GLORY BEE: Get back, all of you.

GANGSTER: Lady?

GLORY BEE: The Professor comes with me.

GANGSTER: Let him go.

(Gun powered up.)

DON CHANEY: Now, now - don't shoot.

(Laser gun shots. GLORY BEE screams.)

THE DOCTOR: Hang on, take my hand.

(GLORY BEE cry out.)

THE DOCTOR: Take it.

GLORY BEE: I can't ... I can't hold on.
THE DOCTOR: Chaney, help me.
(GLORY BEE gasp.)
DON CHANEY: Okay, okay. Here lady, grab hold of my arm.
GLORY BEE: No good...
(GLORY BEE scream, fades away.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh no!
(Eventual splash.)
DON CHANEY: Jeez. She was a looker too. Okay, you wise guys - downstairs.
(Gun powered down. Walking downstairs.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, Miss Bee, I hope it was worth it, all for Mother Russia.

(Humming and bleeps as though inside a spaceship.)
NORIAM: Energy weapon fired outside at close quarters, Streath. I think we've found them.
STREATH: There is a body of water below, yes?
NORIAM: According to our scans.
STREATH: Then put us down there.
ELLIS: That's the Brooklyn Bridge down there. I may still have a chance.
CHARLEY POLLARD: A chance for what?
ELLIS: To make good. I gotta warn Chaney. Devine is after him. He'll be down here with his men as soon as he knows about the bridge. If I can warn Chaney...
CHARLEY POLLARD: Why are you so concerned about Chaney? You were selling him out, weren't you?
ELLIS: Ah, it was business, that's all, I ... I thought I was just using my initiative. I never told him where the boss has his headquarters.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Huh! Bully for you. I bet your precious Mr Chaney won't be in a forgiving mood.
ELLIS: I owe him everything. How can I sell him down the river to a goddamn Nazi.
STREATH: If the breeding party is intact, then how are we to proceed?
NORIAM: As usual, of course, Streath. I'm afraid destruction may have to be indefinitely postponed.
STREATH: Oh, it's always the same.
NORIAM: Keep your voice down, Streath. We must appear invincible to these creatures.

(Metal door opened.)
DON CHANEY: Okay, get inside.
(Walking in.)
DON CHANEY: Hell, where is everybody? Ellis? Ellis! You, go see what's up.
GANGSTER: Yes, boss.
STEPASHIN: What about ... the Martians?
THE DOCTOR: They're not Martians. Oh, this is extraordinary.
DON CHANEY: What is?
THE DOCTOR: I think I know what's going on, and it's quite an amusing coincidence.
DON CHANEY: Do you see me laughing?
(Door opened, walking in.)
COSMO DEVINE: Well, isn't this nice.
DON CHANEY: What the hell...?
COSMO DEVINE: You must think me such a bore, Mr Chaney. It is Mr Chaney, isn't it? I arrive unannounced, gatecrash your little party and then spirit away your special guests.
(Lots of guns cocked.)
COSMO DEVINE: Steady, boys.
THE DOCTOR: Who are you?
COSMO DEVINE: Cosmo Devine. Perhaps you've read my articles in the Tatler.
DON CHANEY: Listen to me, you lousy faggot. I made a deal for all this space junk and I gave them my word. Don Chaney's word is his bond.
COSMO DEVINE: How touching. Well, well, time and tide, time and tide. My associates and I will have to be going. Soldier, get this machinery out of here, then kill them all.
SOLDIER: Jawohl!
STEPASHIN: Soldier?
THE DOCTOR: I think Mr Devine's associates are representatives of an unfriendly power, Mr

Chaney.

COSMO DEVINE: Oh, didn't I mention? How remiss. Yes, they're Germans. Pure, one hundred per cent. Unlike me. I'm just what they call a sympathiser.

DON CHANEY: Lousy Fifth Columnist.

COSMO DEVINE: Just a gossip columnist, actually. Incidentally, I've always wondered, what *do* the other four columns do?

THE DOCTOR: Devine, I implore you not to do this. If you give Nazi Germany this technology...

STEPASHIN: Da, da. This is what I have been saying.

COSMO DEVINE: Well, you'll forgive me for being obvious, but that is rather the point, isn't it? They'll be unbeatable. Flying disc ships, death rays. I think they'll have the opposition beat.

THE DOCTOR: I can't let you do it.

COSMO DEVINE: Well, boo-hoo. Just how are you going to stop me?

(Hiss noise as tank is opened.)

STEPASHIN: What are you doing? You mustn't unseal the tank.

COSMO DEVINE: I'm afraid my pals in Berlin aren't worried about the spacemen, Prof. They just want the guns.

STEPASHIN: But it is priceless, priceless!

COSMO DEVINE: My heart bleeds. Okay, junk it, soldier.

(Loud hissing.)

THE DOCTOR: Oh dear.

STEPASHIN: I can't see anything. Do you think it is dead?

THE DOCTOR: No.

COSMO DEVINE: What are you waiting for, Fritz? Christmas? Get the thing out of there and we'll split.

SOLDIER: Es ist schrecklich!

[Translation - "it is horrible."]

COSMO DEVINE: Hey-ho. If you want something doing. Here, give me that gun.

(Hissing of alien creature.)

COSMO DEVINE: What in God's...?

THE DOCTOR: How many creatures did you say were in the tank, Professor?

STEPASHIN: One. One only.

THE DOCTOR: Look.

(Hissing.)

STEPASHIN: Oh no.

(Hissing.)

THE DOCTOR: I think something else has been doing the splitting, Mr Devine. Binary fission. It's been reproducing.

STEPASHIN: There are?

THE DOCTOR: Yes. There must be thirty of them.

(Screeching of aliens.)

End of part three on CD.

SOLDIER: Oh my God!

THE DOCTOR: Right, everybody out.

(Shots fired.)

THE DOCTOR: Chaney, through the door, come on.

(Shots.)

STEPASHIN: Okay. I made mistake. Now...

(Door closed, muffling the sound.)

THE DOCTOR: We can't just leave them in there.

DON CHANEY: Watch me. Where's the Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Still inside, I'm afraid. You've got to get him out.

COSMO DEVINE: Your loyalty is touching, but a little misplaced. In case you haven't noticed, there's a bunch of giant fruitbats in there making short work of the Fuhrer's finest.

THE DOCTOR: We have to try.

COSMO DEVINE: You forget...

(Gun powered up.)

COSMO DEVINE: I still have this little baby.

THE DOCTOR: I'm going back for him.

(Door opened, louder sound of battle.)

DON CHANEY: Watch it.

THE DOCTOR: Professor.
COSMO DEVINE: Are you crazy?
STEPASHIN: Leave me.
DON CHANEY: Get a gun and shoot them, Prof. Come on!
STEPASHIN: I cannot. They are magnificent. Magnificent.
(STEPASHIN screams. Door closed.)
COSMO DEVINE: Enough! I won't warn you a second time.
(THE DOCTOR sighs.)
THE DOCTOR: What now, Mr Devine? You've come away rather empty-handed, haven't you?
COSMO DEVINE: Shut up, I'm thinking.
(Muffled scream from beyond. Gun powered up.)
COSMO DEVINE: Okay dokey, get moving, both of you.
(Walking.)
DON CHANEY: What ... what are those things, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: I haven't the foggiest. Mammalian, certainly, as our friend here put it so colourfully, they're like some form of giant bat. That sound.
DON CHANEY: But they're so ... savage. How could creatures like that...?
COSMO DEVINE: Yes, that had occurred to me too. They do act a little ... brusquely for supposedly intelligent creatures.
THE DOCTOR: Well, they're young, aren't they? You know what young carnivorous alien mammal-like monsters are like. Always getting into scrapes.
DON CHANEY: And you think someone's coming to find them?
THE DOCTOR: I do, and I have a nasty feeling that the grown-ups are even worse.

[Part Four]

(Faint sounds of alien creatures screeching in the background.)
THE DOCTOR: What now, Mr Devine? You've come away rather empty-handed, haven't you?
COSMO DEVINE: Shut up, I'm thinking.
(Muffled scream from beyond. Gun powered up.)
COSMO DEVINE: Okay dokey, get moving, both of you.
(Walking.)
DON CHANEY: What ... what are those things, Doctor?
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DON CHANEY: And you think someone's coming to find them?
THE DOCTOR: I do, and I have a nasty feeling that the grown-ups are even worse.
(Crash.)
COSMO DEVINE: Move.
(Running off.)

(Space ship descends. Door opened, struggling to get free.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Let me go, you filthy great...
NORIAM: What an interesting structure.
STREATH: Primitive.
NORIAM: But see how it spans the water, enabling craft to move across it. Ingenious.
STREATH: Really? A race that has not even conquered basic gravitational forces is *beneath* our contempt.
NORIAM: What is this structure called, hairless things?
ELLIS: What?
CHARLEY POLLARD: It's a bridge.
NORIAM: Bridge? Yes. Well, this must be conserved for the records.
STREATH: Hah. It will make a glorious spectacle, as it crashes in flames, like the rest of this benighted globe.
NORIAM: Must we go through this every time?

STREATH: Naturally.

(Bleeps.)

NORIAM: The breeding party is concealed close by. In fact, they are within the metal structure, the ... bridge.

STREATH: Not for long. They shall be released from their bondage amongst these barbarians and set free. Free to destroy! Aah!

NORIAM: Well ... w-we'll discuss it later, all right? For now let's content ourselves with finding them.

(Running. Screeching from the creatures in the background.)

THE DOCTOR: They're getting closer. Which way?

DON CHANEY: Er - down here.

(Laser gun fired. Explosion.)

THE DOCTOR: What now?

(Running forward.)

THE DOCTOR: Charley!

CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Thank heavens for that. Where did you get to?

DON CHANEY: Ellis? What the...?

(Walking forwards.)

ELLIS: Boss. Boss, are you okay?

CHARLEY POLLARD: Don't get too excited, we've brought some ... friends with us.

THE DOCTOR: Ah. The grown-ups, I presume?

(Walking in.)

COSMO DEVINE: Good evening. My name is Cosmo Devine. I am in command here. If you want to see your lost property again you'll have to negotiate with me.

STREATH: Kill it!

THE DOCTOR: No, wait. This man is not in charge here. Erm, I am.

STREATH: In the name of the joint Second Principle, I must destroy.

(Gun powered up.)

STREATH: Destroy!

COSMO DEVINE: Naughty, naughty. I've got one of those too.

(Gun powered up.)

COSMO DEVINE: And you boys may be bigger than me, but I bet I could still make a whole mess of Jell-O out of those hairy old chests of yours.

STREATH: What does it say? Destroy!

NORIAM: Streath, Streath, wait!

(NORIAM clears his throat.)

NORIAM: We have come to find ship. Erm ... star fall from sky full of treasure. We give some to you, if you help us find it.

COSMO DEVINE: Who do you think you're talking to? Pocahontas?

CHARLEY POLLARD: (laugh) I think they've got the measure of *you*, Devine.

COSMO DEVINE: Mm?

NORIAM: Streath, I think it would be wise if I interrogated these two hairless things alone. Why don't you take these others to one side, and, er, calm down.

STREATH: (sigh.) Very well.

(Moving off.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: It's all right, Charley, I'll be with you in a moment.

STREATH: Move!

(Bustling others off.)

NORIAM: So, you both lay claim to represent the creatures of this world. Who am I to believe?

COSMO DEVINE: Well, me. I'm the one with the gun.

NORIAM: Hmm. It is one of ours, is it not? You have rescued the breeding party?

THE DOCTOR: He has, but only by force of arms. He has no authority to speak for the people of this planet.

COSMO DEVINE: And you do? What is this, Victorian revival week? Just who are you anyway?

(Door closed. Walking into room.)

ORSON WELLES: All right, Bix, I'm sorry, you can have my head on a goddamned plate if

you...

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Orson.

ORSON WELLES: Oh my God. Shot?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Right in the middle of his...

ORSON WELLES: I can see, Jack. Jesus, I knew Biro had some shady friends, but this.

(Background noise of screeching of creatures.)

DON CHANEY: So where the hell have you been, Ellis? I mean, the whole place is crawling with Nazis and monsters. Where was my number two?

(ELLIS about to speak but is reluctant to do so.)

DON CHANEY: It was you, wasn't it? The one that was selling me out.

CHARLEY POLLARD: This isn't the time for recriminations.

ELLIS: Jeez ... I'm sorry, boss. I tried to make things right, but ... oh hell, they're here now.

CHARLEY POLLARD: And their little ones aren't far behind.

NORIAM: Be quiet, hairless things! I grow weary of this. You are not of significance. We must recover the defective hatchlings and then revert to the ... invasion plan.

THE DOCTOR: Invasion plan?

(Fluttering of bat-like wings.)

NORIAM: Certainly. We are the Laidiplacker, conquerors of Space.

THE DOCTOR: What, just the two of you?

NORIAM: Of course not. Our ship teems with life and, erm ... invincible invading army that will lay waste to this wretched planet.

THE DOCTOR: You don't sound very convinced.

COSMO DEVINE: Ignore him. I want to help you.

THE DOCTOR: No, I let me see. Breeding party? That's what you said, wasn't it? A breeding party. Oh, I think I've got it. What do you do, you - you shoot off a ship full of eggs or something onto different planets, let them hatch...

NORIAM: Silence!

THE DOCTOR: ... cause chaos, scare the daylights out of the population and then you two turn up, and offer ... what?

NORIAM: Er...

(NORIAM clears his throat.)

THE DOCTOR: Security. That's it, isn't it? It's a big bad universe out there. Is that what you're saying? You fool people into thinking they're vulnerable, and then ... It's a protection racket. A - an unbelievably huge protection racket. (Laughs.) Oh, that's good.

COSMO DEVINE: Is this true?

NORIAM: A herd brother crashed on this world with his hatchling. Obviously the breeding failed. We have come to recover them.

(Briefly louder screeching in background.)

THE DOCTOR: They didn't fail. They were just a little late.

COSMO DEVINE: Then you can continue as normal. Subjugate this world. Don't listen to him. Even if you don't have an army, your weapons are far in advance of what we have here. You can still conquer.

THE DOCTOR: Well, under normal circumstances, yes.

NORIAM: Explain?

THE DOCTOR: Well, as you say, little planets like this, they're vulnerable, and I'm afraid someone else has beaten you to it.

COSMO DEVINE: What on Earth are you talking about?

THE DOCTOR: What on Earth indeed. The fact is, my hairy friends, this planet has already been invaded.

NORIAM: What?

THE DOCTOR: By Martians.

NORIAM: Mar ... tians?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, Martians, from the planet Mars. Otherwise planet Sol Four, the red one you probably passed on your way in.

COSMO DEVINE: He's lying, don't listen to him.

NORIAM: Your words are false.

THE DOCTOR: Are they? Would you believe that right now there's a squadron of Martian war machines marching across country to intercept you.

NORIAM: Do you play a game, thing?

THE DOCTOR: No I do not. Your arrival here has not gone unnoticed. There are hostile invaders out to get you, bigger, nastier, hairier ones than you.

STREATH: Did you not try to resist them?

THE DOCTOR: Of course, but they're too strong. They're still arriving as we speak. Whole sections of the world are ignorant of their presence. Go now while you're still able. Let these people go. We'll gather up your chicks, and we can all go home.

COSMO DEVINE: No! This world is populated by trash and governed by weaklings. There are no invaders except yourselves. The Earth couldn't withstand any kind of properly-orchestrated assault.

(Screeching.)

THE DOCTOR: Look out!

STREATH: The hatchlings!

COSMO DEVINE: Stop them or I'll fire!

NORIAM: A restraining signal, Streath, quickly.

COSMO DEVINE: I warned you.

(Laser gun blast.)

THE DOCTOR: Everybody out now, we can get round them.

(Running.)

ELLIS: Out of my way.

STREATH: Stop...

THE DOCTOR: Charley, come on.

DON CHANEY: Ellis!

(Laser blast again.)

STREATH: No. You come here.

ELLIS: No good, boss. I can't...

NORIAM: A restraining sign... Oh don't bother, I'll do it myself.

(Shrill noises, silence from the hatchlings.)

NORIAM: There. That should keep them quiet for a while. Ah, the prisoners have escaped, Streath. Call yourself a destroyer?

STREATH: There are still these hairless things.

(Gun powered up.)

STREATH: I shall take great pleasure in destroying them. Aah!

COSMO DEVINE: Gentlemen, we need to talk. I want to make a deal.

STREATH: Deal?

COSMO DEVINE: Yes.

(Gun powered down.)

COSMO DEVINE: Now ... it - it seems to me you've been running a rather modest operation. I don't think you quite realise your own potential. Okay, so there's just two of you, but you could be big.

(Gun powered off.)

STREATH: Big?

COSMO DEVINE: Yeah. Look, the fellas I was formally doing business with looked like a good investment. Perhaps you've heard of them - the Nazis, booming economy, expansionist plans, neat black uniforms, all that jazz? But you guys seem like a far better proposition. As I say, you may not be the biggest noise in the Universe, but ... in a little backwater like Earth - well, if you stick with me, you could be in the market for a take-over, a global take-over.

(Walking over.)

ELLIS: You scum, Devine.

COSMO DEVINE: That's my name.

NORIAM: You are proposing an alliance, Scum Devine?

COSMO DEVINE: No ... No, I - I didn't ... Oh, never mind. An alliance? Well, let's call it a merger. I got the brains, you got the brawn. And I can tell you just where to hit this planet so it hurts most.

STREATH: Aah! And why should we not destroy you, along with this entire world?

NORIAM: We can't destroy anything, Streath, and you know it. We ... haven't got the firepower.

STREATH: You promised me one of these planets. I could destroy.

COSMO DEVINE: Listen. A few well-judged strikes in the right places, this world could be mine ... ah-ah-ah ... ours. There's so much to enjoy here, so much to exploit.

NORIAM: That is why we are here. Exploitation is the First Principle.

COSMO DEVINE: Then I guess we can do business together.
NORIAM: Very well, Scum Devine.
COSMO DEVINE: No, no...
NORIAM: We will consider your offer.
COSMO DEVINE: My name is...
NORIAM: We shall return the hatchlings to the ship, Scum Devine...
COSMO DEVINE: Stop calling me that!
STREATH: Then what are we to call you?
COSMO DEVINE: Something appropriate for the soon-to-be master of the world. Alexander the Great, perhaps. What do you think Ellis, mm?
ELLIS: How about Judas?
COSMO DEVINE: That's a little rich coming from you.
ELLIS: Tell me, how does it feel to betray your entire planet?
COSMO DEVINE: A lot like betraying your country, but just that teensy bit more satisfying. Oh dear, Fatty, you are tiresome. I think my first act as emperor of the world will be...
(Gun charged up.)
COSMO DEVINE: ...This.
(Laser gun fired. ELLIS groans.)
NORIAM: Why do you slay your own?
COSMO DEVINE: I'm a businessman. It was time to get rid of the dead wood.
ELLIS: See you ... in hell, Devine.
COSMO DEVINE: No doubt, but enjoy your head start.
(Laser gun fired again. Sizzling. ELLIS groans. Burning.)
COSMO DEVINE: As I say, trash, trash, trash.
(Gun powered down.)
COSMO DEVINE: Shall we go?

(Metal door opened. Walking in.)
DON CHANEY: That no-good lousy double-crossing fink! Why, I oughta...
THE DOCTOR: Yes, well no doubt Mr Ellis is reflecting on the error of his ways right now.
CHARLEY POLLARD: Huh. I don't know who I'd rather be stuck with - those creatures or Cosmo Devine.
THE DOCTOR: Now look, Chaney, I've got an idea. What's the main broadcasting network in these parts?
DON CHANEY: What, you mean like a ... like a radio?
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
DON CHANEY: CBS, I guess. Why?
THE DOCTOR: As I thought. Right. Now, you have contacts, yes? I mean, not all of your men were wiped out by Mr Devine's private army?
DON CHANEY: Hey, the Don's got men everywhere. This is my city.
THE DOCTOR: I believe you, I believe you. Now, you're going to take us to CBS Studios and then I need you to mobilise some muscle, my friend. There's a blue box on the corner of ...
Where was it, Charley?
CHARLEY POLLARD: Oh ... Broadway and...
THE DOCTOR: Broadway and Thirty-Fourth Street. If you can arrange to have the box brought to the studios, and ... you do have a car?
DON CHANEY: Do I have a car? I got a Twenty-Nine Lamborghini. Used to belong to Capone.
THE DOCTOR: Come on, then!
(Running.)

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Look here.
ORSON WELLES: Hmm?
JOHN HOUSEMAN: It's that memo recorder Biro was so proud of.
(Play switch pressed on tape.)
COSMO DEVINE: (tape) I knew I could rely on those rather dubious underworld contacts of yours. I'm sure no-one need hear of them now.
ORSON WELLES: That's Cosmo Devine.
BIX BIRO: (tape) Devine, you'll let Jimmy go?
JOHN HOUSEMAN: What the hell did he want with Bix Biro?
COSMO DEVINE: (tape) I only wish I could Mr Biro...

ORSON WELLES: Dropped by for a donation?
COSMO DEVINE: (tape) ...but he met with an accident a short time ago.
BIX BIRO: (tape) Why, you...
COSMO DEVINE: (tape) Oh, there's just one more thing.
(Three shots from a gun with a silencer.)
COSMO DEVINE: (tape) That's *Mr* Devine to you.
ORSON WELLES: Devine shot him!
(JOHN HOUSEMAN sigh then turning off the tape.)
JOHN HOUSEMAN: Orson, this is turning into a very curious evening.
(Walking in.)
CARLA: Mr Welles, the press boys are insisting on a statement. They've...
(Cry by CARLA.)
ORSON WELLES: Okay Carla, i-it's okay.
CARLA: Oh, Mr Biro, oh my God, what happened...?
ORSON WELLES: Carla ... Carla, I want you to do something. I want you to go down to the lobby and fetch a policeman. Can you do that?
CARLA: Oh my Lord...
ORSON WELLES: Can you do that, Carla?
CARLA: Yes, sir.
JOHN HOUSEMAN: But Orson, are you sure? I mean, with the atmosphere down there...
ORSON WELLES: Yes, you're right. Perhaps it would be better if cooler heads prevailed. All right Carla, could you get me a number? I need to speak to someone at the Central Intelligence Agency.
CARLA: Yes, sir. Oh my...
(Walking out. Door closes.)
ORSON WELLES: Okay Jack, let's play that tape again, from the beginning.
(Button pressed. Tape rewinding.)

(Walking.)
STREATH: Look at this carnage. It's good, innit?
NORIAM: Well, the hatchlings certainly made short work of *these* hairless things. Are they all under control now?
STREATH: Yes, and stored back on the ship. They will be unleashed again when the time comes to destroy...!
(NORIAM clears his throat.)
STREATH: Er ... *If* the time comes to destroy this world.
NORIAM: Well then, I suggest we return to the ship to discuss this creature's idea of an alliance.
STREATH: Are we finished here?
NORIAM: Most of the equipment is safely packed away, including the remains of the crashed ship. There's only the hatching tank left, and these few items.
(Moving things.)
STREATH: Oh! What are these? The hairless things must have been tinkering with our glorious technology!
NORIAM: It may prove a useful study. I should like to conserve it all.
STREATH: Oh! Where are we going to put it! It'll just end up gathering dust in the corner!
NORIAM: It is my duty as a Conserver.
STREATH: Oh! Very well. I'll put it in with the prisoner. At least it won't be under *my* feet.
(Carrying metal things away.)

(Inside a car. Car driving. Another car toots horn.)
DON CHANEY: Ah, shut up!
THE DOCTOR: Quite a turn of speed, this car of yours.
DON CHANEY: She's a beaut, ain't she, Doc? Not a scratch on her neither, except for the bullet holes in the door - some wise guy took a pop at Capone. Bam, bam, bam, bam!
(Screeching.)
CHARLEY POLLARD: Eyes on the road, please.
DON CHANEY: Yeah. So what's the plan, Doc? I still got a rendezvous arranged with the CIA boys. You know, they could get the troops in, and...
THE DOCTOR: Oh, no, no, no, no, I told you. This technology's too dangerous for anyone to get hold of, even the, er ... the good guys.

DON CHANEY: Okay. So I get the blue box to CBS, then what?

THE DOCTOR: Then we shall see.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor, if there's just two of these aliens, then why are we getting so excited?

THE DOCTOR: Because despite Mr Devine's bluster, he was right. With an insider like him on their side, they can still cause unprecedented damage to this world.

CHARLEY POLLARD: You have a plan?

THE DOCTOR: Of course. Tell me, Charley, are you fond of drama?

ORSON WELLES: Serious? Of course I'm serious. Look, could I speak to someone in authority? ... You *are* someone in authority? Well, you've got a mighty strange way of showing it ... My name? Yes, Welles. Orson Welles. No, I'm not joking. What? What did you say?

(Click of disconnection. Phone chime as receiver replaced.)

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Don't tell me, they didn't believe you.

ORSON WELLES: Well, apparently they don't believe I'm Orson Welles, and if they did they would come round here and kick my butt for what we've just done.

(Louder noises of traffic chaos as though a window is opened.)

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Look at them down there. If we show our faces they'll tear us apart.

(Quieter noise as window closed.)

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Oh, this is a mess.

(Door opens. Walking in.)

THE DOCTOR: My thoughts exactly.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: What the devil...?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, it *is* you, isn't it?

CHARLEY POLLARD: Who?

ORSON WELLES: Who the hell are you?

THE DOCTOR: You're Orson Welles, as I live and breathe. I'm such a fan. I've seen all your films.

ORSON WELLES: But I haven't made any.

THE DOCTOR: Of course not, but you will, you will.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Mm?

CHARLEY POLLARD: Look.

(Walking over.)

THE DOCTOR: Oh dear. Poor fellow. Shot?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: Who was he?

ORSON WELLES: Bix Biro.

THE DOCTOR: His pen name?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: I beg your pardon?

THE DOCTOR: You must be...

JOHN HOUSEMAN: John Houseman, sir. You are...?

THE DOCTOR: A pleasure. I'm the Doctor. This is Charley.

(DON CHANEY walking in, out of breath.)

DON CHANEY: Okay, the blue box is on its way, Doc.

ORSON WELLES: Now what?

THE DOCTOR: And this is Mr Chaney.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Chaney?

ORSON WELLES: Don Chaney?

DON CHANEY: Yeah. What's it to youse?

ORSON WELLES: You, er, you have this spaceship?

THE DOCTOR: Excellent. I don't have to bring you up to speed. Now, you've been working tonight, haven't you?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: It's just as I thought! I knew I'd remembered correctly. The War of the Worlds, yes? You've panicked half the city into believing there's an alien invasion underway.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: So it would seem.

THE DOCTOR: Well, there is.

ORSON WELLES: Are you a reporter?

THE DOCTOR: Gentlemen, I need your help. This planet is in grave danger. An extraterrestrial

force *has* landed, and it'll probably be quite a job to get shot of them.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Are you serious?

ORSON WELLES: What do you want us to do?

THE DOCTOR: Can you get your actors back together again?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: What's all this in aid of?

THE DOCTOR: I'll explain later. Can you get them?

ORSON WELLES: I doubt if anybody could get through the mob outside.

THE DOCTOR: We did.

ORSON WELLES: But the police...

DON CHANEY: Yeah, the cops and me have a ... an understanding.

ORSON WELLES: How reassuring.

THE DOCTOR: On second thoughts, we don't have time. We'll have to do some doubling up.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Care to enlighten us, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Once the TARDIS is here, all will become clear. Now, let's get to the studio.

ORSON WELLES: Whatever you say.

THE DOCTOR: Cheer up, Orson. The play's the thing, in which thou we'll the conscience of the King.

ORSON WELLES: Er, er, how's that?

THE DOCTOR: Hamlet.

ORSON WELLES: You've lost me there, Doctor, whoever you are.

THE DOCTOR: But sure...? Oh, never mind. Now, we'll need scripts.

(Pacing and occasional tapping on window.)

COSMO DEVINE: This is outrageous! Keeping me in here like an animal. Oh, why I had to give up my weapon so easily. It was a gesture of good faith, you baboons! Oh well, I guess that's where good faith gets you.

(Rustling of pages of a script.)

THE DOCTOR: All right, everyone, are we all clear?

ORSON WELLES: I think so, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Remember, nothing must break the frame. Keep up the illusion as long as you can.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: We can't broadcast this again, they'll crucify us.

THE DOCTOR: Don't worry, this particular production is going out on a very special frequency, and to a very select audience. Orson?

ORSON WELLES: Okay, Mr Chaney, Jack, Charley. Shall we start with the weather forecast?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Just like before?

ORSON WELLES: Just like before. Go ahead.

(JOHN HOUSEMAN clears his throat.)

THE DOCTOR: You're on!

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Maximum temperature sixty-six, minimum forty-eight. This weather report comes to you from the Government Weather Bureau. We now take you to the...

CHARLEY POLLARD: (whispering) Now what?

THE DOCTOR: (whispering) I go into the TARDIS.

(Walking off, opening door, and door closing over while John Houseman speaks.)

JOHN HOUSEMAN: ...Meridian room in the Hotel Park Plaza in downtown New York, where you will be entertained by the music of Ramon Raquello and his orchestra.

(Music playing. TARDIS control room noises.)

THE DOCTOR: Now, a little tweaking. Where are you, where are you...?

CHARLEY POLLARD: (speaker) Er ... Ladies and gentlemen...

THE DOCTOR: Now, what sort of frequency would hit the spot?

CHARLEY POLLARD: (speaker) ... to bring you a special bulletin...

THE DOCTOR: This one?

(Noise from console.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: (speaker) ... from the intercontinental radio news...

THE DOCTOR: No, no. How about...

(Loud erratic noise.)

THE DOCTOR: Definitely not. Ah, maybe...

(Gentle humming.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: (speaker) ... Observatory, Chicago, Illinois. Reports observing several explosions of incandescent gas...

COSMO DEVINE: I thought we had a deal. Sticking me in here with all this...
(Thump on metal.)

COSMO DEVINE: ... junk!

(Tapping.)

COSMO DEVINE: What?

(More metallic tapping.)

COSMO DEVINE: Hello? Is somebody ... in here with me?

(Door opened.)

NORIAM: Come then, hairless thing. Destroyer Streath is most anxious to know the weak points in your world's defences.

COSMO DEVINE: (sigh.) And I can't wait to show him.

NORIAM: Well, what is it?

COSMO DEVINE: Nothing. I - I thought I heard something.

NORIAM: There is only the hatching tank and this ... detritus.

COSMO DEVINE: Yes, yes, of course. Let's get out.

(Walking out. Noise of door closing.)

DON CHANEY: (speaker) As I was saying, I was listening to the radio kinda halfway.

ORSON WELLES: (speaker) Yes Mr Wilmont, and then you saw something?

DON CHANEY: (speaker) Not first off...

THE DOCTOR: That's it, Orson. Keep going.

COSMO DEVINE: At present, the main powers would be this country, the Soviet Union, France, England and the Germans. A systematic attack on those countries would in my opinion, leave the rest floundering.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: (speaker) And what did you hear?

DON CHANEY: (speaker) A hissing sound. Er, like this...

NORIAM: What is that?

STREATH: We've been picking it up for some time. It appears to be the hairless things communicating.

COSMO DEVINE: It's just radio.

STREATH: This is happening now.

COSMO DEVINE: I guess. Don't worry about it.

DON CHANEY: (speaker) ... something smacked to the ground, knocked me clear out of my chair.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: (speaker) Well, were you frightened, Mr Wilmont?

DON CHANEY: (speaker) I turned by head out the window...

NORIAM: They appear to be reporting our arrival.

STREATH: Hah! Much good will it do them.

COSMO DEVINE: Listen, you can forget all this stuff about protection rackets - chicken-feed. One concentrated strike could completely disorientate them. The whole world's in a war fever anyway.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: How do we know it's working?

THE DOCTOR: Shh.

ORSON WELLES: Good heavens, something's wriggling out of the shadows like a grey snake. Now it's another one and another one and another one. They look like tentacles to me ... There, I can see the thing's body, it's large, large as a bear and it glistens like wet leather.

(ORSON WELLES still talking on radio in background.)

COSMO DEVINE: And once morale starts to crumble...

NORIAM: And tell me, what is your price for all this?

COSMO DEVINE: Oh, I don't want much. Dominion over America, or some such.

STREATH: Noriam! Listen!

NORIAM: Streath! I am conducting...

STREATH: Listen!

ORSON WELLES: (speaker) ... face or monster or whatever it is...

STREATH: This is not a report of our landing.

ORSON WELLES: (speaker) Possibly gravity or something, the things rising up, the crowd falls back down...

NORIAM: This planet *is* under attack.

COSMO DEVINE: No, no, no, it's a drama, a play. They were broadcasting it earlier.

ORSON WELLES: (speaker) I'll have to stop the description until I take a new position...

STREATH: Creatures from Mars. I have heard of them. A feared race of Warriors. You have tricked us, hairless thing.

COSMO DEVINE: No!

ORSON WELLES: (speaker) A humped shape is rising out of the pit, I can make out a tall beam of light against...

STREATH: The other hairless thing spoke the truth. You hoped to distract us, while your true allies launched their strike against the Earth.

COSMO DEVINE: What the hell are you talking about?

(Humming.)

NORIAM: Engines are initiated, Streath. I suggest we continue this conversation in orbit.

STREATH: Agreed.

ORSON WELLES: (speaker) ... spreading everywhere, it's coming this way. About twenty yards to my right...

JOHN HOUSEMAN: (speaker) Ladies and gentlemen, due to circumstances beyond our control we are unable to continue the broadcast from Grover's Mill.

STREATH: Your death will be extremely prolonged, hairless thing. You have deceived us, and must pay the price.

COSMO DEVINE: What?

NORIAM: I must say, I agree. In this case, destruction *is* necessary, and a long drawn-out nasty destruction at that.

COSMO DEVINE: No, it isn't real, I swear it!

NORIAM: Take him back to the cell.

STREATH: Aah!

THE DOCTOR: Charley, pop into the TARDIS, would you, keep an eye on their position.

CHARLEY POLLARD: Are you off somewhere?

THE DOCTOR: No, I want to go.

(Walking, door opened/closed.)

THE DOCTOR: People of the Earth, your attention. Your planet is now under Martian control. Surrender is not an option. We intend to, er ... devastate your planet until it hangs like a cinder in Space. All life will be extinguished. We shall ... drain your rivers, er, level your mountains, annihilate your infestation from this world.

(Whispered)

THE DOCTOR: How am I doing?

ORSON WELLES: Very good.

(Door opened.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: I think they're on the move.

DON CHANEY: It worked.

THE DOCTOR: Looks like it.

ORSON WELLES: Well Jack, it looks like we fooled 'em.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: That's twice in one night.

NORIAM: That false creature. We have saved our skins by...

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Look at them go...

STREATH: Listen!

JOHN HOUSEMAN: (speaker) Half-way gone with whatever passes for a tail between their legs.

DON CHANEY: (speaker) It was quite a gamble Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: (speaker) Oh yes, but broadcasting on their own high frequency must have helped. It certainly rammed home the message ... What's that red light for?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: (speaker) Oh God, we're still on the air.

(Static.)

NORIAM: No! The Scum Devine spoke the truth. It was a trick!

(Flapping of wings.)

STREATH: Aah! Return! Destroy, destroy, destroy!

THE DOCTOR: The signal's increasing, they're coming back.

(Taps on metal.)

COSMO DEVINE: Listen to me, he tricked you. Let me out of here.

(More taps on metal. Then a metallic noise as a door opens.)

COSMO DEVINE: What the hell? Professor?

(Walking out.)

STEPASHIN: Thank heavens.

(He groans.)

STEPASHIN: It is you. Good, that is good. I was hoping to see you again.

COSMO DEVINE: But you ... I mean, those things.

STEPASHIN: Oh, those wonderful creatures. Wonderful, but deadly. I managed to crawl into the tank. It saved my life.

COSMO DEVINE: You're bleeding.

STEPASHIN: Da. I am not long for this world.

COSMO DEVINE: Yeah, well, I ... Look, I haven't got time for this. What have you got there?

STEPASHIN: This? This is a puzzle, Mr Devine. A question to which I hope soon to provide an answer, very soon.

COSMO DEVINE: Some sort of a machine. Is it theirs? The aliens, I mean?

STEPASHIN: No. It is mine. Constructed with a little help from their technology. I saved it from destruction, and here. Ah! Here is all that I need. They have brought all my experiments with them. Ah, they are wonderful creatures but not, I think, terribly bright.

COSMO DEVINE: What are you doing? Listen, I got to get out of here. These creatures are my ticket to the high life.

STEPASHIN: No, Mr Devine, I think not. Now, the answer to my question.

COSMO DEVINE: Question? What question?

STEPASHIN: Have you not guessed? (Laugh.) Saving the Earth is not a bad thing to die for, eh?

COSMO DEVINE: What the hell are you talking about?

STEPASHIN: The question is, am I, Yuri Stepashin, the first man to build a working atomic bomb?

(Ticking.)

STREATH: We will destroy all of it. All! Every last atom.

NORIAM: Except for the parts we conserve.

STREATH: Oh, shut up. you old fool! This is a time for action. I, Destroyer Streath, will plunge this Earth into a pit of flame, I shall watch its death-throes as I tear it apart stone by stone, boil away its waters, purge its devious hairless things in the pure flame of my unquenchable vengeance!

(Ticking.)

NORIAM: Er ... what's that ticking?

(Blast of atomic energy.)

JOHN HOUSEMAN: (radio) ... Which lit up the skies last night had nothing to do with the Mercury Theatre radio broadcast which caused panic over a wide area of the State.

Astronomers say it is most likely another fragment of the meteorite which struck our atmosphere just over a month ago.

(Radio turned off.)

THE DOCTOR: Well, they obviously didn't get far. I wonder why. Still, rather neat, wasn't it?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Oh, there's a lot to be sorted out. Biro's death for one thing.

ORSON WELLES: Er, no, Jack, I got a call from the CIA, they ... have ways of covering up things like this. Actually they said they were expecting to hear from you, Mr Chaney.

DON CHANEY: Yeah well, er, that all counts for squat now. No merchandise, no nothin'.

THE DOCTOR: Thankfully.

CHARLEY POLLARD: But people must have seen things. I mean, spaceships over New Jersey?

THE DOCTOR: Mass hysteria, Charley, and thanks to Orson and his friends the CIA already

have their cover story.

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Which reminds me. Time to face the music.

ORSON WELLES: The Press are outside?

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Uh-huh.

ORSON WELLES: Oh no. How do I look?

THE DOCTOR: You look like someone who's just about to become the most famous man in America.

ORSON WELLES: You think so? Say...

JOHN HOUSEMAN: Come along, Orson.

(Walking off.)

ORSON WELLES: What do you think, Jack? Abjectly apologetic, or humble but proud?

THE DOCTOR: Don't let them cut Ambersons! Oh no, I mustn't interfere.

(Walking over.)

DON CHANEY: Hey, Doctor. You're a resourceful guy. You want a job with prospects?

THE DOCTOR: Already got one, thank you. And if I were you, Mr Chaney, I'd find myself a quieter occupation.

CHARLEY POLLARD: (chuckle.) Unlike us, I daresay. Hey, aren't we due in Singapore?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, and we're eight years late. Best be off. Goodbye, Mr Chaney.

(Walking off.)

DON CHANEY: But where are you...

(Door opened.)

CHARLEY POLLARD: Bye.

DON CHANEY: Hey, what is this?

(Door closed. TARDIS dematerialisation.)

DON CHANEY: Well, I'll be a...

(He laughs.)

DON CHANEY: Trick or treat.

(Closing 1930s music.)